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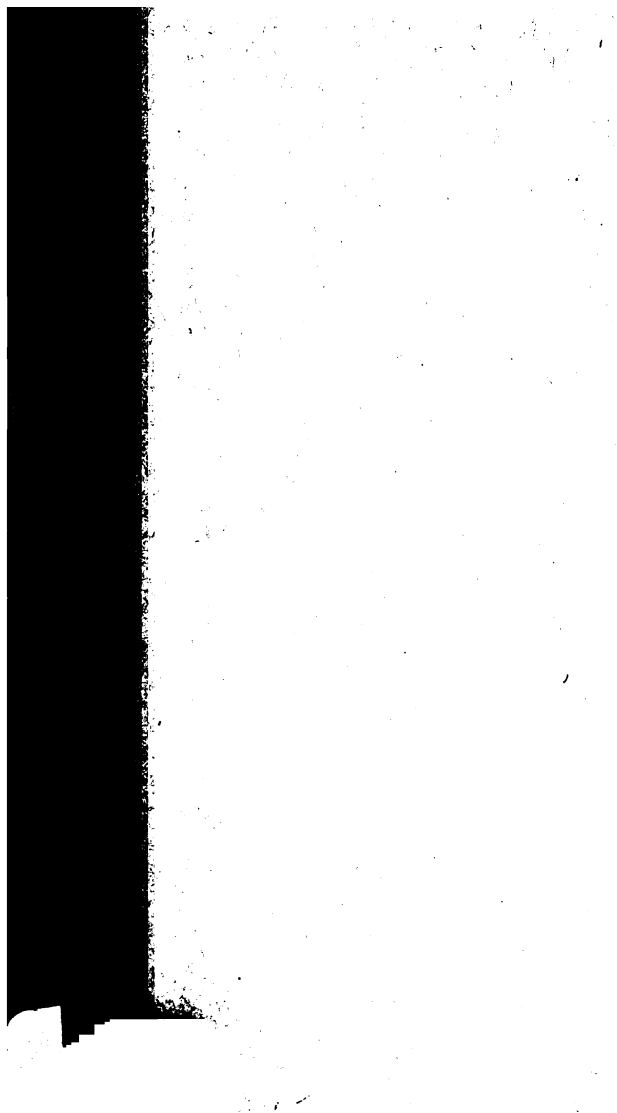
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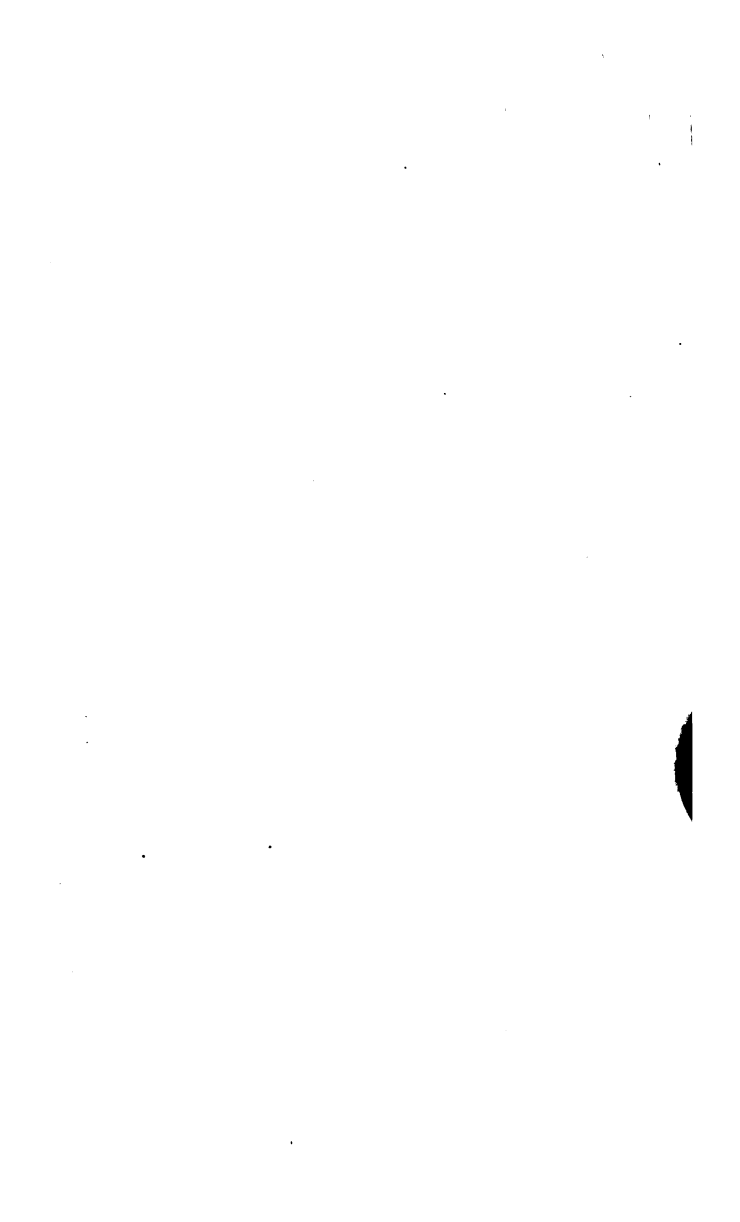
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Comic





TO THE
PRESIDENT

NOR



L' ALLEGRO.

THE
COMIC ANNUAL,

BY

THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.



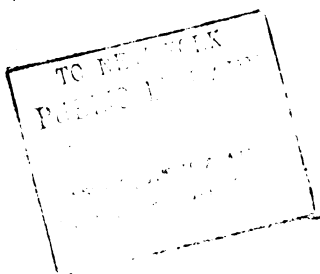
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"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER"—AS THE GERMANS SALUTE.

PREFACE.

ONCE more—from a crest overlooking Kaltererberger in the Eifel—I make my annual bow. To be sure, I am more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea ; on a Teutonic mountain, in the midst of a palpable fog, to which it is accustomed eight days out of seven,—but neither difference nor distance make any difference to us Germans in our salutes ;—we can bow round a corner, or down a crooked lane. To see us bow retrospectively sometimes, would remind you of that polite Author, who submitting to a classical authority, said with an appropriate bend, “I bow to the Ancients.”



I'LL SHOW YOU THE MANUAL EXERCISE.

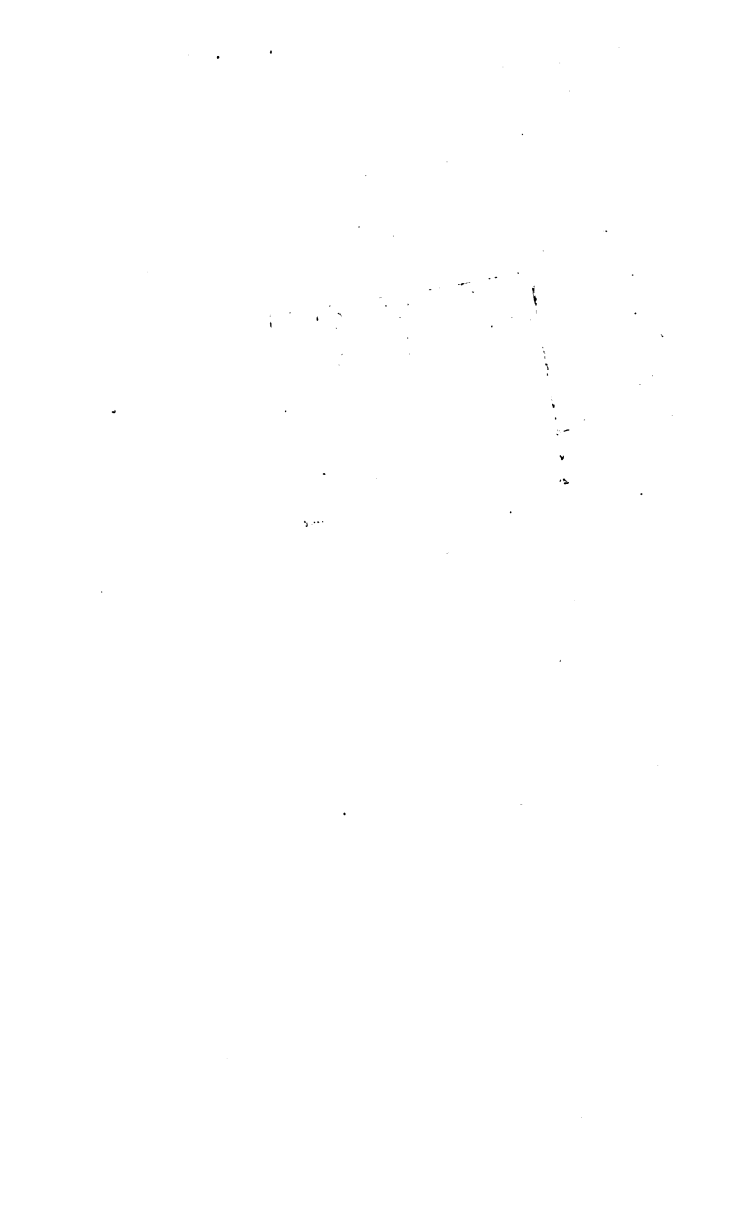
And truly, of all bowers that ever bowed, including Lord Chesterfield, the Royal inventor of the "Prince's bow," the booing Sir Archy Macsycophant, Tom Moore, and his Bowers of Bendermeer, all the admirals of blue, white, and red, with their larboard bows, and starboard bows, all the bow-loving schoolmasters with their "Where's your bow?" and finally, Macduff and his whole army, who boughed out Macbeth—of all these, no man ever scraped his foot without a scraper, or bent so agreeably to his own bent, as your very humble obedient servant. To be candid I am in the humour to bow—age commands respect—to an old post. 'Tis better than bowing to a post obit.

"Oh! my masters!" as the labourer said to the bricklayers after falling through the roof and rafters of an unfinished house, "I have gone through a great deal since you saw me last."

First, there was my narrow escape in the Hoff-



I'LL SHOW YOU THE MANUAL EXERCISE.



nung off Cuxhaven, so narrow indeed, that I felt upon what is called "the edge of doom," newly ground. I only wonder, that terrible storm, instead of letting me bow to you smilingly like Sir Robert Smirke, did not shake, terrify, and bully, me into a serious writer ; solemnly bending as we might suppose Blair to have done with a presentation copy of his " Grave." Secondly, there was my dangerous consultation of complaints, in the Spring, with its complication of High German physicians ; namely, two Animal-Magnetisers : three Homœopathics, four " Bad " advisers, and the famous Doctor Farbe. The practice, which does not make perfect, of the first set of *sine-cure*-ists is well known,—The unit doses of the Hahnemannites have been tried as well as all the *orts* you have to eat after them ; and the " bad " recommendations, have been well tested by thousands of Accums. I need not describe how combining exercise with mineral waters, I walked

by uneasy stages from Mayence to Coblentz and back again, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other; drinking my own health, at every hundred yards, in a tumbler of one part pickle, one part soda water, one part soapsuds, one part ink, one part sour milk, one part musty egg, one part gall, and one part pump-water. I need not describe, how I bathed at Ems and Schlangenbad, but I will describe how I bathed at Schwalbach, as the Author of Bubbles from the Brunnens advises; namely, in the strong Stahl, or Steel, Brunnen, and dipping my head as Head persuades heads to be dipped, I soon found out the reason why "the cunning Jews" all go to the Stahl Brunnen,—I had steeled my face so that no razor would touch it!

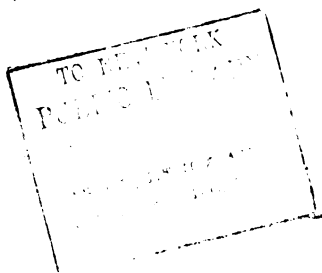
Of Doctor Farbe I must make more mention, as he may not yet have quacked loud enough to be heard in England. He has read somewhere, in St. Pierre if I recollect rightly, that insects



SCHLANGENBAD :—" IT HAS GIVEN ME QUITE A TURN !"

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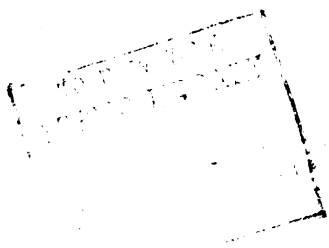
"COOK! YOU MAY DISH MASTER'S DINNER."

take the colour of that which they feed upon ; and acting upon this hint, he proposes, by proper tints in diet, to paint one up to "a perfect picture of Health." First, he proceeds by negatives : for example, in yellow jaundice, you are not to take mustard, yolk of egg, oranges, pease-pudding, saffron cakes, apricots, or yellowhammers. In hypochondria or blue devils, he forbids plumbs with the bloom on, peas, if blue Prussians, blue rocks, sky-blue, and blue ruin. In scarlet fever, love-apples, red streaks, red currants, Cayenne pepper, red cabbage, and scarlet runners. In black jaundice, black currants, blackcocks, black-birds, liquorice, blackheart cherries, black puddings, and black strap. And so forth, according to the hue. Then he prepares for the positive treatment, by endeavouring like a dyer, to take all colour out of you before he gives you a new tint. To this end he plies you with water ices, creams, white meats with white sauce, cauliflowers, tur-

nips, blancmange, and lily white mussels; gives you besides a ton of chalk to lick, like a country calf, to whiten your veal. Should he succeed in bleaching you to a plaster cast of yourself, your cure is certain; he has then only to give you the true Hebe complexion, by commending you, when the season suits, to plenty of "strawberries smothered in cream." But on the contrary, should the case prove obstinate, he attempts to divert it: for instance, he tries to turn yellow jaundice into green, by a blue diet; or the frightful blue stage of cholera into a green one, by a yellow diet; or, what is preferable, into a purple stage, by the exhibition of pink Noyeau. As for black jaundice he has a method of making it piebald by the white diet, or in mild cases of reducing it to the spotted state, or Dalmatian. Finally, in extremity, he has recourse to his neutral tint, which is intended to make you neither one thing nor another: to this end, he mixes up



"IT MAY BE MY OWN CASE TO-MORROW."



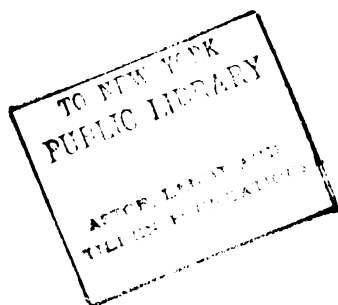
all his dietetical pigments together, and it was at this point, when he had prescribed for me a compound of blue ruin, black strap, scarlet runners green cheese, brown stout, mustard, flour, and a few trifles besides, without consulting my *palate* that I begged him to "give me over." He took his fee, and retired in dudgeon : and I never saw his white beaver, turned up with green, his plumb-coloured coat with a brown collar, his velvet waistcoat with tulips in their natural colours on a purple ground, his sky blue pantaloons with a pink stripe up the seams, his grey stockings, and his yellow handkerchief with a rainbow border, any more ! It was just in time. If I had not struck his colours he would have struck mine.

O, my Friends ! Foes ! and Indifferents ! was not that an escape, narrower by nine hair-breadths than the Hoffnupg's ? But, methinks, you ask,

how came I, with my delicate health, for change of air on the top of this ever-foggy mountain? My well-wishers, the answer is easy. I was smoked out down below. As you all know, it is a time of profound peace; and the Germans all profoundly celebrate it like the American Indians, each with his calumet, or Pipe of Peace in his mouth. Such an atmosphere as you would find any where beneath, has made me far from particular: I do not despise mists, and even on this elevated ridge am not above fogs. But, farewell! I smell a snow-storm coming, for I cannot see it; I hear a wind blowing-up, and I feel the clouds attempting to seduce this steadfast pinnacle into a waltz. Farewell! My next last words will perhaps be wafted to you from the top of Caucasus: but still depend on my warm affections. Like Goldsmith's Traveller, or Land Surveyor, "I drag at each remove a lengthening

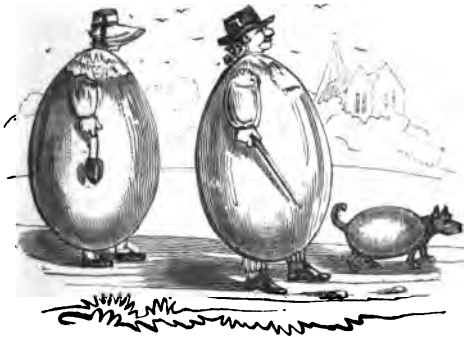


SACRED TO THE ASHES OF BRENNHOLZ.

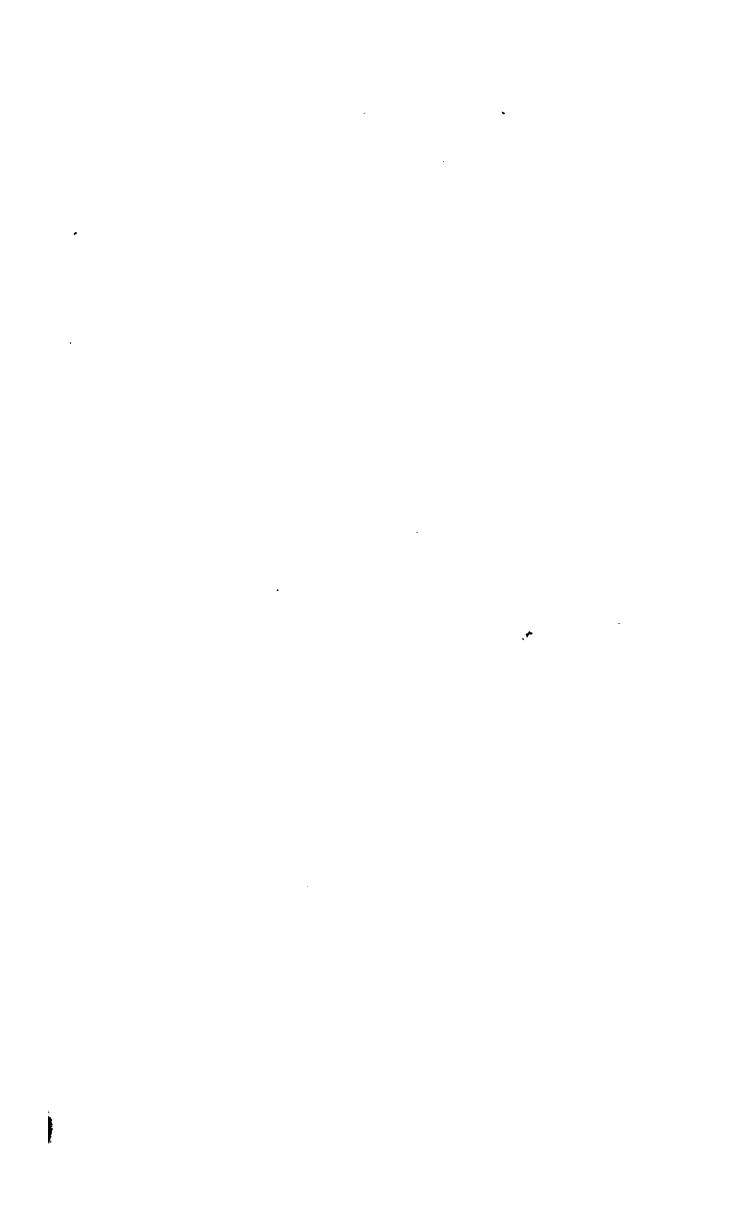


chain," or as his absentee countryman attempted the sentiment in prose to his wife, "the further I get from you the more I like you."

And, finally,



EGGS ARE VERY NOURISHING.



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LIST OF PLATES.

	DESIGNER.	ENGRAVER.
"Better late than never," as the Germans salute	<i>T. Hood.</i>	(<i>Wright & Folkard.</i>)
"I'll show you the Manual Exercise"	<i>John Scott.</i>	—
Schlangenbad, "It has given me quite a turn"	<i>T. Hood.</i>	—
"Cook! you may dish Master's dinner"	<i>John Scott.</i>	—
"It may be my own Case to-morrow"	<i>T. Hood.</i>	—
Sacred to the Ashes of Brenholz	—	—
"This way, Ma'am"	—	—
"We all smoke in Germany"	—	—
Travellers seeing the "Lions"	—	—
"O Ham—what a falling off was there"	—	—
"Kissing goes by favour"	—	—
Waltzing to a new Air	—	—
Hob and Nob	—	—
"What next? as the Frog said when his tail fell off"	—	—
Country Quarters	—	—
The Bearer of the Great Seal	<i>John Scott</i>	—

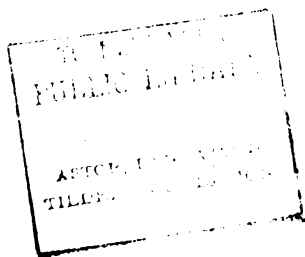
	DESIGNER.	ENGRAVER.
Abstraction	<i>T. Hood.</i>	{ <i>Wright &</i> <i>Folkard.</i>
Home's Douglas	—	—
Broke by a fall of the Stocks	<i>John Scott.</i>	—
Practice drives me mad	<i>T. Hood.</i>	—
Pond's Astronomy	—	—
Decapitation	<i>John Scott.</i>	—
"Stick as you be—that's the Comet"	<i>T. Hood.</i>	—
Tails of the Haul by Crab	—	—
"Lord, John, here's a burrow!"	—	—
Free Trade	—	—
Meet me by Moonlight alone	—	—
"I ran it through e'en from my boyish days"	—	—
"Go it, Ned"	—	—
Sniffing a Birth-day	—	—
The Judgment of Solomon	<i>John Scott.</i>	—
Discovery of Organic Remains	—	—
"Bear about the mockery of Woe"	—	—
Hope deferred	—	—
A Sawrian	—	—
"How are you off for money? Why I'm off with my Master's"	<i>T. Hood.</i>	—
"Friend, dost thee call this the Pacific?"	—	—
The best Bower Anchor	—	—
Joining in a Catch	—	—
Fancy Portrait—Audubon	—	—
Hiss-trionics	—	—
A Chinese Puzzle	—	—
"Take care of the Pence, and the Pounds will take care of themselves"	—	—

	DESIGNER.	ENGRAVER.
Descended from the Conqueror	<i>T. Hood.</i>	{ <i>Wright & Folkard.</i>
" I cannot walk about with him any longer"	—	—
" One may go farther and fare worse," as the Horse said	—	—
" Jack's as good as his Master"	—	—
" None but the brave deserve the fair"	—	—

HEAD AND TAIL PIECES.

" I'll take a bed with you"	<i>T. Hood.</i>	{ <i>Wright & Folkard.</i>
" I wish I was well through it!"	—	—
" The last in bed to put out the light"	—	—
" A Piping Bullfinch"	—	—
" My dancing days are over"—as the Goose said on the Ice	—	—
" It's all up with me!"	—	—
" None of your Sauce"	—	—
" Mother of Pearl"	—	—
" Why did you sup on pork?"	—	—
" Love's Labour Lost"	—	—
" When will it reach London?"	—	—
A Pouter	—	—
" She's Black in the face."	—	—

	DESIGNER.	ENGRAVER.
A Fowl Wind	<i>T. Hood.</i>	<i>Wright & Folcard.</i>
St. Blaise	—	—
The Head Waiter at Hatchett's	—	—
" The Hair-apparent to the Crown "	—	—
Fancy Portrait—" Mr. Robins "	—	—
" It can't be helped "	—	—
A general Peace	—	—
See saw	—	—
" Why don't you look out for work? "	—	—
" Von Hammer "	—	—
" Pennsylvania "	—	—
" A split with Ducrow "	—	—
" Warranted quiet to ride or drive "	—	—
" I'm afraid I'm in low company ! "	—	—





" THIS WAY, MA'AM."

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

THE DOMESTIC DILEMMA ;

A True Story,

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL NEMAND.

CHAPTER I.

“ I am perfectly at my wits’ ends ! ”

As Madame Doppeldick said this, she thrust both her fat hands into the pockets of her scarlet cotton

apron, at the same time giving her head a gentle shake, as if implying that it was a case in which head and hands could be of no possible avail. She was standing in a little dormitory, exactly equidistant from two beds, between which her eyes and her thoughts had been alternating some ten minutes past. They were small beds,—pallets,—cots,—cribs, troughs upon four legs, such as the old painters represent the manger in their pictures of the Nativity. Our German beds are not intended to carry double, and in such an obscure out-of-the-way village as Kleinewinkel, who would think of finding any thing better in the way of a couch than a sort of box just too little for a bed, and just too large for a coffin? It was between two such bedlings, then, that Madame Doppeldick was standing, when she broke out into the aforesaid exclamation—"I am perfectly at my wits' ends!"

Now, the wits' ends of Madame Doppeldick scarcely extended farther from her skull than the horns of a snail. They seldom protruded far beyond her nose, and that was a short one; and moreover they were

apt to recede and draw in from the first obstacle they encountered, leaving their proprietor to feel her own way, as if she had no wits' ends at all. Thus, having satisfied themselves that there were only two beds in the room, they left the poor lady in the lurch, and absolutely at a nonplus, as to how she was to provide for the accomodation of a third sleeper, who was expected to arrive the same evening. There was only one best bed-room in the house, and it happened to be the worst bed-room also ; for Gretchen, the maid servant, went home nightly to sleep at her mother's. To be sure a shake-down might be spread in the parlour ; but to be sure the parlour was also a shop of all sorts ; and to be sure the young officer would object to such accommodations ; and to be very sure, Mr. Doppeldick would object equally to the shake-down, and giving up the two beds overhead to his wife and the young officer.

“God forgive me,” said the perplexed Madame Doppeldick, as she went slowly down the stairs ; —“but I wish Captain Schenk had been killed

at the Battle of Leipzig, or had got a bed of glory any where else, before he came to be billeted on us !”



“ I’LL TAKE A BED WITH YOU.”

CHAPTER II.

IN extenuation of so unchristian-like an aspiration as the one which escaped from the lips of Madame Doppeldick at the end of the last chapter, it must be remembered that she was a woman of great delicacy for her size. She was so corpulent, that she might safely have gone to court without a hoop, her arms were too big for legs ; and as for her legs, it passed for a miracle of industry, even amongst the laborious hard-working inhabitants of Kleinekinkel, that she knitted her own stockings. It must be confessed, that she ate heartily, drank heartily, and slept heartily, and all she ate, drank, and slept, seemed to do her good, for she never ceased growing, at least horizontally, till she did ample justice to the name which became her own by marriage. Still, as the bulk of her body increased, the native shrinking unobtrusive modesty of her mind remained the same ;

or rather it became even more tremulously sensitive. In spite of her huge dimensions, she seemed to entertain the Utopian desire of being seen by no eyes save those of her husband ; of passing through life unnoticed and unknown ; in short she was a globe-peony with the feelings of a violet. Judge then what a shock her blushing sensibilities received from the mere idea of the strange captain intruding on the shadiest haunts of domestic privacy ! Although by birth, education, and disposition, as loyal as the sunflower to the sun, in the first rash transports of her trepidation and vexation, she wished any thing but well to her liege sovereign the King of Prussia—wondering bitterly why his majesty could not contrive to have his reviews, and sham-fights in Berlin itself ; or at least in Posen, where there were spare beds to be had, and lodgings to let for single men. Then again, if the Quarter-master had but condescended to give a quarter's notice, why, Mr. Doppeldick might have run up an extra room, or they might have parted off a portion of their own chamber with lath and plaster—they might have done a thousand things ; for

instance, they might have sold their house and left the country, instead of being thus taken unawares in their own sanctorum by a strange gentleman, as suddenly as if he had tumbled through the roof. "It was too bad—it was really too bad—and she wondered what Mr. Doppeldick would say to it when he came home."



" I WISH I WAS WELL THROUGH IT ! "

CHAPTER III.

MR. DOPPELDICK did come home—and he said nothing to it at all. He only pulled his tobacco-bag out of one coat-pocket, and his tobacco-pipe out of the other, and then he struck a light, and fell to smoking, as complacently as if there had been no Captain Schenk in the world. The truth was, he had none of that nervous nicety of feeling which his partner possessed so eminently, and, accordingly, he took no more interest in her domestic dilemma than the walnut-wood chair that he sat upon. Moreover, when he once had in his mouth his favourite pipe, with a portrait of Kant on the bowl of it, he sucked through its tube a sort of transcendental Philosophy which elevated him above all the ills of human life, to say nothing of such little domestic inconveniences as the present. If the house had been as big as the Hotel de Nassau, at Schlangenbad, with as many chambers and



"WE ALL SMOKE IN GERMANY."

ASIAN, LATIN AND
TILLEN FOUNDATIONS

spare beds in it—or a barrack, with quarters for the captain and his company to boot—he could not have puffed on more contentedly. The very talk about beds and bedding appeared to lull him into a sort of sleep with his eyes open; and even when the voice and words of his helpmate grew a little sharp and querulous in detailing all her doubts, and difficulties, and disagreeables, they could not raise even a ripple in the calm placid expanse of his forehead. How should they? His equable German good humour might well be invulnerable to all outward attacks, which had so long withstood every internal one,—aye, in Temper's very citadel, the stomach. For instance, the better part of his daily diet was of sours. He ate "sauerkraut," and "sauer-braten," with sour sauce and "sauer-ampfer" by way of salad, and pickled plums by way of dessert, and "sauer-milch" with sourish brown bread—and then, to wash these down, he drank sourish "Essigberger" wine, and "sauerwasser," of which the village of Kleinewinkel had its own peculiar brunnen. Still, I say, by all these sours, and many others not mentioned besides, his temper

was never soured—nor could they turn one drop of the milk of human kindness that flowed in his bosom. Instead, therefore, of his round full features being ever rumpled and crumpled, and furrowed up by the plough-share of passion, you never saw anything on his face but the same everlasting sub-smile of phlegmatic philanthropy. In spite of the stream of complaint that kept pouring into his ear, he forgave Captain Schenk from the bottom of his soul for being billeted on him; and entertained no more spleen towards the King of Prussia and the Quarter-master, than he did towards the gnat that bit him last year. At length, his pipe wanting replenishing, he dropped a few comfortable words to his wife, meanwhile he re-filled the bowl, and brought the engine again into play :—

“ As for undressing, Malchen,—before the strange man—puff—why can’t we go to bed,—puff—before *he* does,—puff—puff—and so put an end to the matter—puff—puff—puff! ”

“ As I live upon damsons and bullases! ” (for it was the plum season,) exclaimed Madame Doppel-

dick, clapping her fat hands with delight, "I never thought of that! Gretchen, my lass, get the supper ready immediately, for your good master is mortal hungry and so am I!—and then my own Dietrich dear, we'll bundle off to bed as fast as we can!"



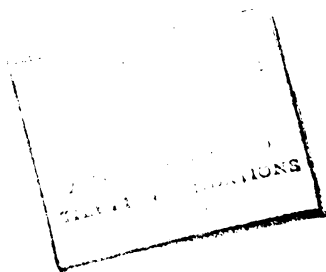
"THE LAST IN BED TO PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

CHAPTER IV.

THE best of plots may come to the worst of ends. It was no fault, however, of Gretchen's ; for being in a hurry of her own to meet Ludwig Liedeback, she clapped the supper upon the table in no time at all. The transcendental pipe, with the head of Kant upon it, instantly found itself deposited in a bye corner ; for Mr. Doppeldick, like his better half, was a person of substance, keeping a good running account with Messer and Gabel. Besides, amongst other delicacies, the board actually displayed those rarest of all inland rarities, Oysters,—a bag of which the warm-hearted Adam Kloot had sent, by way of a token of remembrance, to his old friend Dietrich ; forgetting utterly that it was full a hundred leagues from the nearest high water-mark of the sea to the village of Kleinewinkel. Of course they came like other travellers, with their mouths wide agape, to see the wonders



TRAVELLERS SEEING THE "LIONS."



of the place,—but, then, so much the easier they were to open ; and as the worthy couple did not contemplate any such superfluous nicety as *shaving* them before they swallowed them, there was a fair chance that the delicious morsels would all be devoured before the inauspicious arrival of Captain Schenk. Some such speculation seemed to glimmer in the eyes of both Mr. and Mrs. Doppeldick—when, lo ! just as the sixth dead oyster had been body-snatched out of its shell, and was being flavoured up with lemon and vinegar, the door opened, and in walked a blue cap with a red band, a pair of mustachios, and a grey cloak without any arms in its sleeves. Had Madame Doppeldick held any thing but an oyster in her mouth at that moment it would infallibly have choked her, the flutter of her heart in her throat was so violent.

“ Holy Virgin !—Captain Schenk ! ”

“ At your service, Madame,” answered a voice through the mustachios.

“ You are welcome, Captain ! ” said the worthy master of the house, at the same time rising, and placing a chair for his guest at that side of the table which was farthest from the oysters. The officer,

without any ceremony, threw himself into the seat, and then, resting his elbows upon the table, and his cheeks between his palms, he fixed his dark eyes on the blushing face of Madame Doppeldick in a long and steady stare. It is true that he was only mentally reviewing the review ; or, possibly, calculating the chances in favour of an application he had lately forwarded to Berlin, to be exchanged into the Royal Guards ; but the circumstance sufficed to set every nerve of Madame Doppeldick a-vibrating, and, in two minutes from his arrival, she had made up her mind that he was a very bold, forward, and presuming young man.

It is astonishing, when we have once conceived a prejudice, how rapidly it grows, and how plentifully it finds nutriment ! Like the sea polypus it extends its thousand feelers on every side, for any thing they can lay hold of, and the smallest particle afloat in the ocean of conjecture cannot escape from the tenacity of their grasp. So it was with Madame Doppeldick. From mistrusting the Captain's eyes, she came to suspect his nose, his mustachios, his mouth, his chin, and even the slight furrow of a sabre cut that scarred

TO THE HONORABLE

COMMISSIONER

STATE DEPT.

WASHINGTON

DEPT. OF STATE



"O HAM—WHAT A FALLING OFF WAS THERE!"

his forehead just over the left eyebrow. She felt morally sure that he had received it in no battle-field, but in some scandalous duel. Luckily she had never seen Mozart's celebrated Opera, or she would inevitably have set down Captain Schenk as its libertine masquerading hero, Don Giovanni himself!

"You will be sharp set for supper, Captain," said the hospitable host, pushing towards his guest a dish of lean home-made bacon; but the Captain took no more notice of the invitation than if he had been stunned stone-deaf by the artillery at the sham-fight in the morning. Possibly he did not like bacon, or, at any rate, such bacon as was set before him; for to put the naked truth on her bare oath, the Kleinewinkel pigs always looked as if they got their living, like cockroaches, by creeping through cracks. However, he never changed his posture, but kept his dark intolerable eyes still fixed on his hostess's full and flushed face. He might just as well have stared,—if he must stare—at the shelves-full of old family china (some of it elaborately mended and rivetted) in the corner cupboard, the door of which she had left open

on purpose ; but he had, apparently, no such considerate respect for female modesty.

“ Saint Ursula and the Eleven Thousand be near us ! ” said the disquieted Madame Doppeldick to herself. “ It is hard enough for people of our years and bulk to be obliged to lie double ;—but to have a strange, wild, rakish, staring, young fellow in the same chamber—I *do* wish that Dietrich would make more haste with his supper, that we may get into bed first ! ”



“ A PIPING BULFINCH.”

CHAPTER V.

HONEST Dietrich was in no such hurry. A rational, moral, pious man, with a due grateful sense of the rapidity of certain gifts of the Creator, ought not to swallow them with the post-haste indifference of a sow swilling her wash ; and as Dietrich Doppeldick did not taste oysters once in ten years, it was a sort of religious obligation, as well as a positive secular temptation, that the relish of each particular fish should be prolonged as far as possible on the palate by an orderly, decorous, and deliberate deglutition. Accordingly, instead of bolting the oysters as if he had been swallowing them for a wager, he sate soberly, with his eyes fixed on the two plumpest, as if only awaiting the ' good night ' of his guest to do ample and christian-like justice to the edible forget-me-nots of his good friend Adam Kloot. In vain his wife looked hard at him, and trod on his toes as long as she could reach them, besides being seized with a short hectic cough that was any thing but constitutional——

"Lord help me!" said Mrs. Doppeldick in her soul, too fluttered to attend to the correctness of her metaphors—"It's as easy to catch the eye of a post!—He minds me no more that if I trod on the toes of a stock-fish? I might as well cough into the ears of a stone wall!"

In fact, honest Dietrich had totally forgotten the domestic dilemma.

"He will never take his eyes off;" thought Madame Doppeldick, stealing a glance across the table, "I was never so stared at, never, since I was a girl and wore pig-tails! I expect every moment he will jump up and embrace me. Whereas nothing could be further from the Captain's thought. The second battalion had joined that very morning, and accordingly he had kissed, or been kissed by all its eight-and-twenty officers, tall or short, fat or lean, fair or swarthy,—which was quite kissing enough for a reasonable day's ration. The truth is, he was staring at himself. He had just, mentally, put on a new uniform, and was looking with the back of his eyes at his own brilliant figure, as a Captain in the Royal Guards. It was, however, a stare, outwardly, at Madame Doppeldick.

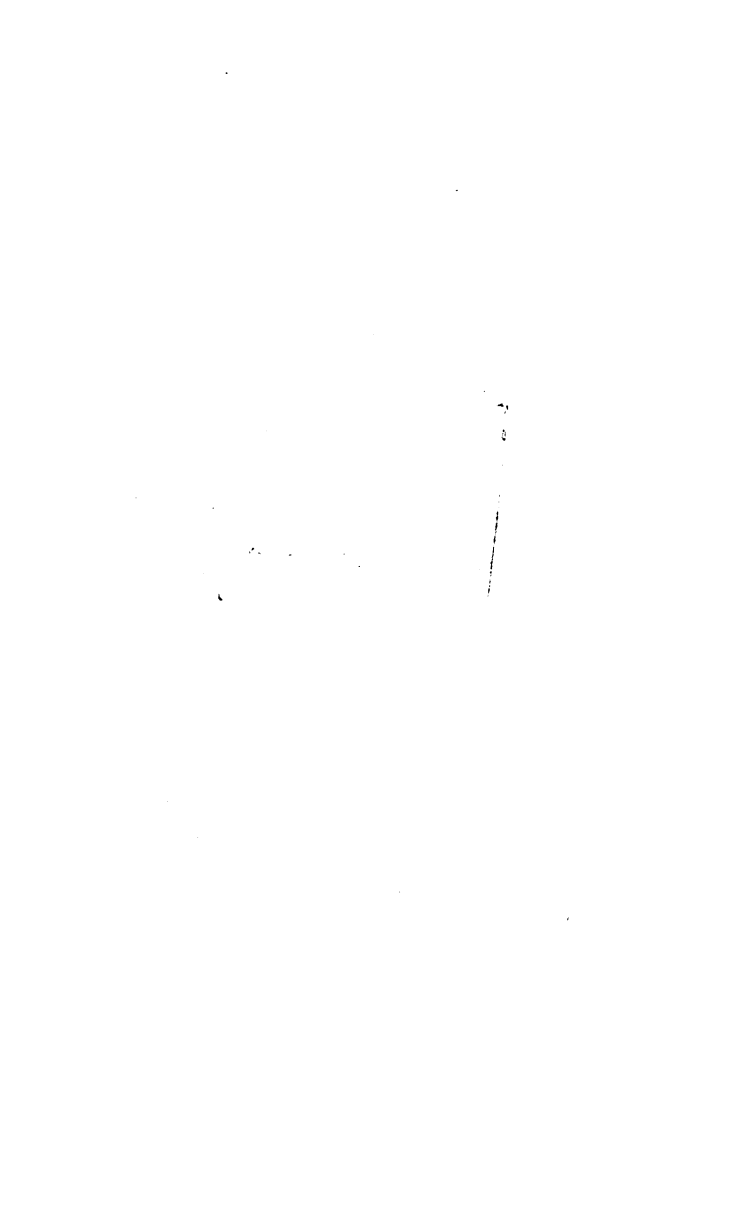


"KISSING GOES BY FAVOUR."

fit

how

of

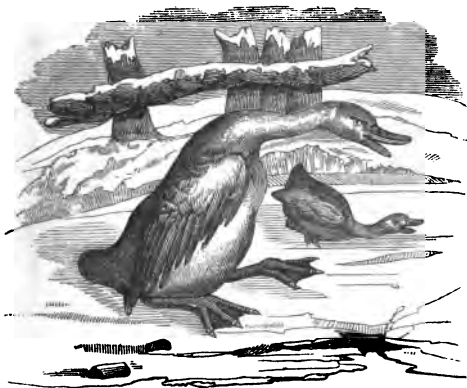




WALTZING TO A NEW AIR.

who took everything to herself, frogs, lace, bullion, buttons, cuffs, collars, epaulettes, and the Deuse knows what besides.—

“I would to heaven!” she wished, “he had never thought of going into the army,—or at least that the Quarter-Master had never taken it into his stupid head to quarter him on us. Young gay Captains are very well to flirt with, or to waltz with,—but at my years and bulk waltzing is quite out of the question!”



“MY DANCING DAYS ARE OVER”—AS THE GOOSE SAID ON THE ICE.

CHAPTER VI.

At last Captain Schenk changed his posture, and averted his familiar eyes from the face of Madame Doppeldick ; but it was only to give her a fresh alarm with his free-and-easy mouth. First of all he clenched his fists—then he raised his arms at full stretch above his head, as if he wanted to be crucified, and then turning his face upwards towards the ceiling, with his eyes shut, and his jaws open—he yawned such a yawn as panther never yawned after prowling all day, without prey, in a ten-foot cage——

“Auw-yauw-au-ya-augh-auwayawauwghf!”

“By all the Saints,” thought the terrified Madame Doppeldick, “he will be for packing off to bed at once!”—and in the vain hope of inducing him to sup before hand, she seized, yes, she actually seized the devoted dish of oysters, and made them relieve guard, with the home-made bacon, just under the Captain’s
se. It was now honest Dietrich’s turn to try to

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HOB AND NOB.

catch the eyes of posts, and tread on the toes of stock-fish ; however, for this time the natives were safe.

“By your leave, Madame,” said the abominable voice through the mustachios, “I will take nothing except a candle. What with the heavy rain at first, and then the horse artillery ploughing up our marching-ground, I am really dog-tired with my day’s work. If you will do me the favour, therefore, to show me to my chamber——”

“Not for the whole world !” exclaimed the horrified Madame Doppeldick—“not for the whole world, I mean, till you have hob-and-nobbed with us—at least with the good man”—and, like a warm-hearted hostess, jealous of the honour of her hospitality, she snatched up the spare-candle, and hurried off to the barrel. If she could but set them down to drinking, she calculated, let who *would* be the second, she would herself be the first in bed, if she jumped into it with all her clothes on. It was a likely scheme enough,—but alas ! it fell through like the rest !—Before she had drawn half a flask of Essigberger, or Holzapfelheimer, for I forget which—she was alarmed by the double screech of two

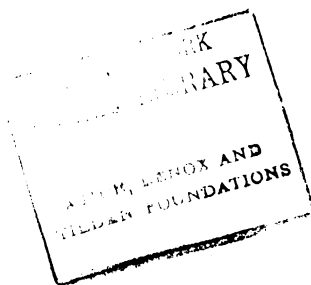
chairs pushed suddenly back on the uncarpeted floor. Then came a trampling of light and heavy feet—and although she dropped the bottle—and forgot to turn the spigot—and carried the candle without the candlestick—and left her left slipper behind her,—still, in spite of all the haste she could make, she only reached the stair-foot just in time to see two Prussian-blue coat-tails, turned up with red, whisking in at the bed-room door !



“ IT’S ALL UP WITH ME ! ”



“THERE’S ONE AT MR!—NOW FOR A BITE!”





“WHAT NEXT?” AS THE FROG SAID WHEN HIS TAIL FELL OFF.

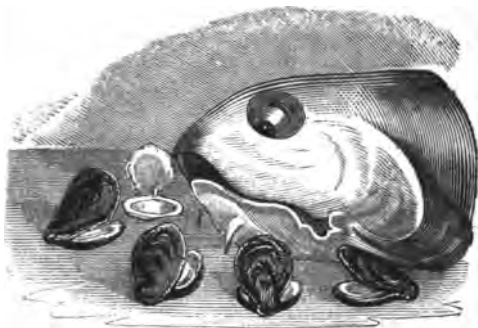
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**ACTION, REACTION AND
TILTED PLATE EQUATIONS**

CHAPTER VII.

“OH, the cruel, the killing ill-luck that pursues us ! ’
exclaimed the forlorn Madame Doppeldick, as her husband returned, with his mouth watering, to the little parlour, where, by some sort of attraction, he was drawn into the Captain’s vacant chair, instead of his own. In a few seconds the plumpest of Adam Kloot’s tender souvenirs, of about the size and shape of a penny bun, was sliding over his tongue. Then another went—and another—and another. They were a little gone or so, and no wonder, for they had travelled up the Rhine and the Moselle, in a dry “schiff” not a “dampschiff,” towed by real horse-powers, instead of steam-powers, against the stream. To tell the naked truth, there were only four words in the world that

a respectably fresh Cod's head could have said to them, namely——



“ NONE OF YOUR SAUCE.”

No matter: down they went glibly, glibly. The lemon-juice did something for them, and the vinegar still more, by making them seem sharp instead of flat. Honest Dietrich, enjoyed them as mightily as Adam Kloot could have wished; and was in no humour, you may be sure, for spinning prolix answers or long-winded speeches.

“ They are good—very!—excellent! Malchen!—Just eat a couple.”

But the mind of the forlorn Malchen was occupied with any thing but oysters: it was fixed upon things

above, or at least overhead. "I do not think I *can* sit up all night," she murmured, concluding with such a gape that the tears squeezed out plentifully between her fat little eyelids.

"I've found only one bad one—and that was full of black mud—schloo—oo—oo—oop!"—slirropped honest Dietrich. N. B. There is no established formula of minims and crotchets on the gamut to represent the swallowing of an oyster; so the aforesaid syllables of "schloo—oo—oo—oop," must stand in their stead.

"As for sleeping in my clothes," continued Madame Doppeldick, "the weather is so very warm,—and the little window won't open—and with two in a bed——"

"The English do it, Malchen,—schloo—oo—oop!"

"But the English beds have curtains," said Madame Doppeldick, "thick stuff or canvass curtains, Dietrich,—all round, and over the top—just like a general's tent."

"We can go—schloo—oop—to bed in the dark, Malchen."

"No—no," objected Madame Doppeldick, with a grave shake of her head. "We'll have no blind-man's-buff work, Dietrich,—and maybe blundering into wrong beds."

"Schloo—oo—oo—oo—oop."

"And if ever I saw a wild, rakish, immoral, irreligious-looking young man, Dietrich, the Captain is one!"

"Schloo—oo—oo—oop."

"Did you observe, Dietrich, how shamefully he stared at me?"

"Schloo—oop."

"And the cut on his forehead, Dietrich, I'll be bound he got it for no good!"

"Schloo—oo—oo—oop."

"Confound Adam Kloot and his oysters to boot!" exclaimed the offended Madame Doppeldick, irritated beyond all patience at the bovine apathy of her con-nubial partner. "I wish, I do, that the nets had burst in catching them!"

"Why, what can one do, Malchen?" asked honest Dietrich, looking up for the first time from the engrossing dish, whence the one-a-penny oysters had all vanished, leaving only the two-a-penny ones behind.

"Saint Ursula only knows!" sighed Madame Doppeldick, her voice relapsing into its former tone of melancholy. "I only know that I will never undress *with a room!*"



"Then you must undress out of it, Malchen. Schloo—oop. Schloo—oo—oo—oo—oop."

"I believe that must be the way after all," said Madame Doppeldick, on whose mind her husband's sentence of transcendental philosophy had cast a new light. "To be sure there is a little landing-place at the stair-head—and *our* bed is exactly opposite the door—and if one scuttled briskly across the room, and jumped in—But are you sure, Dietrich, that you explained every thing correctly to the Captain? Did you tell him, that *his* was the one next the window—with the patchwork coverlet?"

"Not a word of it!" answered honest Dietrich, who, like all other Prussians, had served his two years as a soldier, and was therefore moderately interested in military manœuvres. "Not a word of it—we talked all about the review. But I did what was far better, my own Malchen, for I saw him get into the bed with the patchwork coverlet, with my own eyes, and then took away his candle—Schloo—oop—schloo—oop—Schloo—oo—oop!"

"It was done like my own dear, kind, Dietrich," exclaimed the delighted Madame Doppeldick, and in

the sudden revulsion of her feelings, she actually pulled up his huge round bullet-head from the dish, and kissed him between the nose and chin.

The Domestic Dilemma, was disarmed of its horns Madame Doppeldick saw her way before her, as clear and open as the Rhine three months after the ice has broken up. From that moment, as long as the dish contained two oysters, the air of "Schloo—oo—oo—oo—oop" was sung, as "arranged for a duet."



MOTHER OF PEARL.

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COUNTRY QUARTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ALL is quiet, thank Heaven ! the Captain is as fast as a church," thought Madame Doppeldick, as she stood in nocturnal dishabille, on the little landing-place at the stair-head. "Now then, my own Dietrich," she whispered, "are you ready to run?" For like the best of wives, as she was, she did not much care to go any where without her husband.

But the deliberate Dietrich was not prepared to escort her. He had chosen to undress as usual, with his transcendental pipe in his mouth ; indeed it was always the last thing that he took off before getting into bed, so that till all his philosophy was burned to ashes, his mind would not consent to any active corporeal exertion, especially to any locomotion so rapid as a race. At last he stood balancing, made up for the start ; his eyes staring, his teeth clenched, his fists doubled, and his arms swinging, as if he

were about to be admitted a Burgess of Andernach—that is to say, by leaping backwards over a winnowing-fan, with a well poised pail of water in his arms, in order to show if he accomplished it neatly.

“The night-light may be left burning where it is, Dietrich.”

“Now then, Malchen !”

“Now then, Dietrich,—and run gently—on your toes !”

No sooner said than done. The modest Malchen with the speed of a young wild elephant made a rush across the room, and, with something of a jump and something more of a scramble, plunged headlong into the bed. The phlegmatic Dietrich was a thought later, from having included the whole length of the landing-place in his run, to help him in his leap, so that just as his bulk came, squash ! upon the coverlet, his predecessor was tumbling her body, skow-wow, bow-wow, any-how, over the side of the bedstead.

“Sancta Maria !” sobbed Madame Doppeldick, as she settled into hysterics upon the floor.



THE BEARER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

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“Potz-tausend!” said Mr. Doppeldick, as he crawled backwards out of the bed like a crab.

“Ten thousand devils!” bellowed Captain Schenk—a suppressed exclamation that the first shock had driven from his mouth into his throat, from his throat into his lungs, and from thence into his stomach; but which the second shock had now driven out again in full force.

* * * * *

“Why, I thought, Mister Jean Paul Nemand (says the reader) that we left the Captain safe and sound, in his own bed, next the window, with the patch-work coverlet?”

“And so we did, Mister Carl Wilhelm Jemand, (says the author,) but it was so short, that in five minutes he caught the cramp. Wherefore, as there was a second spare bed in the room, and as honest Dietrich had said nothing of other lodgers, and as of all blessings we ought to choose the biggest, the Captain determined to give it a trial—and between you and me he liked the bed well enough, till he

felt a sort of smashing pain all over his body, his eyes squeezing out of his face, his nose squeezing into it, and his precious front teeth, at a gulp, going uninvited down his gullet !



“ WHY DID YOU SUP ON PORK ? ”



“ LOVE’S LABOUR LOST.”

LOVE AND LUNACY.

THE Moon—who does not love the silver moon,
In all her fantasies and all her phases?
Whether full-orb’d in the nocturnal noon,
Shining in all the dewdrops on the daisies,
To light the tripping Fairies in their mazes,
Whilst stars are winking at the pranks of Puck ;
Or huge and red, as on brown sheaves she gazes ;
Or new and thin, when coin is turn’d for luck ;—
Who will not say that Dian is a duck ?

But, oh ! how tender, beautiful, and sweet,

When in her silent round, serene, and clear,
By assignation loving fancies meet,

To recompense the pangs of absence drear !

So Ellen, dreaming of Lorenzo, ~~dear~~,
But distant from ~~the city~~ mapp'd by Mogg,

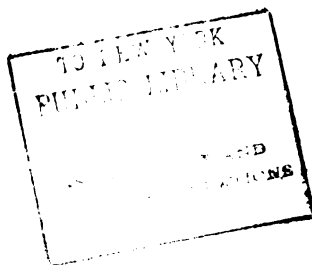
Still ~~saw~~ his image in that silver sphere,
~~Plain~~ as the Man with lantern, bush, and dog, }
That used to set our ancestors a-gog.

And so she told him in a pretty letter,

That came to hand exactly as Saint Meg's
Was striking ten—eleven had been better ;
For then he might have eaten six more eggs,
And both of the bedevill'd turkey-legs,
With relishes from East, West, North, and South,
Draining, beside, the teapot to the dregs ;
Whereas a man, whose heart is in his mouth,
Is rather spoilt for hunger and for drouth.



ABSTRACTION.



And so the kidneys, broiling hot, were wasted ;
The brawn—it never enter'd in his thought ;
The grated Parmesan remain'd untasted ;
The potted shrimps were left as they were bought,
The capelings stood as merely good for nought,
The German sausage did not tempt him better,
Whilst Juno, licking her poor lips, was taught
There's neither bone nor skin about a letter,
Gristle, nor scalp, that one can give a setter.

Heav'n bless the man who first devis'd a mail !
Heav'n bless that public pile which stands concealing
The Goldsmiths' front with such a solid veil !
Heav'n bless the Master, and Sir Francis Freeling,
The drags, the nags, the leading or the wheeling,
The whips, the guards, the horns, the coats of scarlet,
The boxes, bags, those evening bells a-pealing !
Heav'n bless, in short, each posting thing, and varlet,
That helps a Werter to a sigh from Charlotte.

So felt Lorenzo as he oped the sheet,

Where, first, the darling signature he kiss'd,

And then, recurring to its contents sweet

With thirsty eyes, a phrase I must enlist,

He *gulp'd* the words to hasten to their gist ;

In mortal ecstasy his soul was bound—

When, lo ! with features all at once a-twist,

He gave a whistle, wild enough in sound,

To summon Faustus's Infernal Hound !

Alas ! what little miffs and tiffs in love,

A snubbish word, or pouting look mistaken,

Will loosen screws with sweethearts hand and glove,

Oh ! love, rock-firm when chimney-pots were shaken,

A pettish breath will into huffs awaken,

To spit like humpback'd cats, and snarling Towzers !

Till hearts are wreck'd and founder'd, and forsaken,

As ships go to Old Davy, Lord knows how, sirs,

While heav'n is blue enough for Dutchmen's trowsers !

“ The moon ’s at full, love, and I think of you —

Who would have thought that such a kind P.S.

Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,

Then black, and knit his eyebrows and compress

His teeth, as if about to effervesce

Like certain people when they lose at whist?

So look’d the chafed Lorenzo, ne’ertheless,

And, in a trice, the paper he had kiss’d

Was crumpled like a snowball in his fist !

Ah ! had he been less versed in scientifics,

More ignorant, in short, of what is what ;

He ne’er had flared up in such calorifics ;

But he *would* seek societies, and trot

To Clubs—Mechanics’ Institutes—and got

With Birkbeck—Bartley—Combe—George Robins—Rennie,

And other lecturing men. And had he not

That work, of weekly parts, which sells so many,

The Copper-bottomed Magazine—or “ Penny ? ”

But, of all learned pools whereon, or in,

Men dive like dabchicks, or like swallows skim,
Some hardly damp'd, some wetted to the skin,
Some drown'd like pigs when they attempt to swim,
Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim,
('Tis studied by a Prince amongst the Burmans);
He loved those heavenly bodies, which, the Hymn
Of Addison declares, preach solemn sermons,
While waltzing on their pivots like young Germans.

Night after night, with telescope in hand,

Supposing that the night was fair and clear,
Aloft, on the house-top, he took his stand,
Till he obtained to know each twinkling sphere
Better, I doubt, than Milton's "Starry Vere ;"
Thus, reading thro' poor Ellen's fond epistle,
He soon espied the flaw—the lapse so sheer,
That made him raise his hair in such a bristle,
And like the Boatswain of the Storm-Ship whistle.

“ The moon ’s at full, love, and I think of thee,”—

“ Indeed ! I’m very much her humble debtor,
But not the moon-calf she would have me be,
Zounds ! does she fancy that I know no better ?”

Herewith, at either corner of the letter
He gave a most ferocious, rending, pull ;—

“ O woman ! woman ! that no vows can fetter,
A moon to stay for three weeks at the full !
By Jove ! a very pretty cock-and-bull !

“ The moon at full ! ’twas very finely reckon’d !

Why so she wrote me word upon the first—
The twelfth, and now upon the twenty-second—

Full !—yes—it must be full enough to burst !
But let her go—of all vile jilts the worst ”—
Here with his thumbs he gave contemptuous snaps,

Anon he blubber’d like the child that’s nurs’d,
And then he hit the table frightful raps,
And stamp’d till he had broken both his straps.

“ The moon ’s at full—and I am in her thought—

No doubt : I do believe it in my soul ! ”

Here he threw up his head, and gave a snort

Like a young horse first harness'd to a pole :

“ The moon is full—aye, so is this d—d bowl ! ”

And, grinning like the sourest of curmudgeons,

Globe—water—fishes—he dash'd down the whole,

Strewing the carpet with the gasping gudgeons ;

Men do the strangest things in such love-dudgeons.

“ I fill her thoughts—her memory's vice-gerent ?

No, no,—some paltry puppy—three weeks old—

And round as Norval's shield ”—thus incoherent

His fancies grew as he went on to scold ;

So stormy waves are into breakers roll'd,

Work'd up at last to mere chaotic wroth—

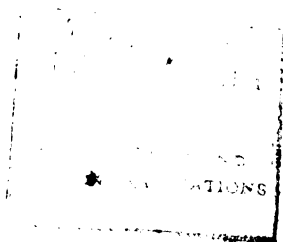
This—that—heads—tails—thoughts jumbled uncontroll'

As onions, turnips, meat, in boiling broth,

By turns bob up, and splutter in the froth.



HOME'S DOUGLAS.



“ Fool that I was to let a baby face—

A full one—like a hunter’s—round and red—

Ass that I am, to give her more a place

Within this heart”—and here he struck his head.

“ ‘S death are the Almanack-compilers dead?

But no—’tis all an artifice—a trick,

Some newer face—some dandy under-bred—

Well—be it so—of all the sex I’m sick!”

Here Juno wonder’d why she got a kick.

“ ‘ The moon is full’—where’s her infernal scrawl?

‘ And you are in my thought: that silver ray

Will ever your dear image thus recal’—

My image? Mine! She’d barter it away

For Pretty Polls on an Italian’s tray!

Three weeks, full weeks,—it is too plain—too bad—

Too gross and palpable! Oh cursed day!

My senses have not craz’d—but if they had—

Such moons would worry a Mad Doctor mad!

“ Oh nature! wherefore did you frame a lip
So fair for falsehood? Wherefore have you drest
Deceit so angel-like?” With sudden rip
He tore six new buff buttons from his vest,
And groped with hand impetuous at his breast,
As if some flea from Juno’s fleecy curls
Had skipp’d to batten on a human chest,
But no—the hand comes forth and down it hurls
A lady’s miniature beset with pearls.

Yet long upon the floor it did not tarry,
Before another outrage could be plann’d,
Poor Juno, who had learn’d to fetch and carry,
Pick’d up and brought it to her master’s hand
Who seiz’d it, and the mimic features seann’d,
Yet not with the old loving ardent drouth,
He only saw in that fair face, so bland,
Look how he would at it, east, west, north, south,
A moon, a full one, with eyes, nose, and mouth.

“ I’ll go to her,”—herewith his hat he touch’d,
And gave his arm a most heroic brandish ;
“ But no—I’ll write”—and here a spoon he clutch’d,
And ramm’d it with such fury in the standish,
A sable flood, like Niger the outlandish,
Came rushing forth—Oh Antics and Buffoons !
Ye never danced a caper so ran-dan-dish ;
He jump’d, thump’d—tore—swore, more than ten dragons
At all nights, noons, moons, spoons, and pantaloons !

But soon ‘asham’d, or weary, of such dancing,
Without a Colinet’s or Weippert’s band,
His rampant arms and legs left off their prancing,
And down he sat again, with pen in hand,
Not fiddle-headed, or King’s-pattern grand,
But one of Bramah’s patent Caligraphics ;
And many a sheet it spoil’d before he plann’d
A likely letter. Used to pure seraphics,
Philippics sounded strangely after Sapphics.

Long while he rock'd like Yankee in his chair,
 Staring as he would stare the wainscot thro',
And then he thrust his fingers in his hair,
 And set his crest up like a cockatoo ;
 And trampled with his hoofs, a mere Yahoo,
At last, with many a tragic frown and start,
 He penn'd a billet, very far from doux,
'Twas sour, severe—but think of a man's smart
Writing with lunar caustic on his heart !

The letter done and closed, he lit his taper,
 And sealing, as it were, his other mocks,
He stamp'd a grave device upon the paper,
 No Cupid toying with his Psyche's locks,
 But some stern head of the old Stoic stocks—
Then, fiercely striding through the staring streets,
 He dropt the bitter missive in a box,
Beneath the cakes, and tarts, and sugar'd treats,
In Mrs. Smelling's window-full of sweets.



BROKE BY A FALL OF THE STOCKS.

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“ WHEN WILL IT REACH LONDON ? ”

Soon sped the letter—thanks to modern plans,
Our English mails run little in the style
Of those great German wild-beast caravans,
Eil-wagens—tho’ they do not “ go like *ile*,”—
But take a good twelve minutes to the mile—
On Monday morning, just at ten o’clock,
As Ellen humm’d “ The Young May Moon ” the while,
Her ear was startled by that double knock
Which thrills the nerves like an electric shock !

Her right hand instantly forgot its cunning,
And down into the street it dropt, or flung,
Right on the hat and wig of Mr. Gunning,
The jug that o'er her ten-week-stocks had hung ;
Then down the stairs by twos and threes she sprung,
And through the passage like a burglar darted.
Alas ! how sanguine are the fond and young —
She little thought, when with the coin she parted,
She paid a sixpence to be broken-hearted !

Too dear at any price—had she but paid
Nothing and taken discount, it was dear.
Yet, worthless as it was, the sweet-lipped maid
Oft kissed the letter in her brief career
Between the lower and the upper sphere,
Where, seated in a study bistre-brown,
She tried to pierce a mystery as clear
As *that* I saw once puzzling a young clown—
“ Reading Made Easy,” but turned upside down.

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,
Had sipped sky blue, through certain of her teens,
At one of those establishments which stand
In highways, byeways, squares, and village greens ;
'Twas called " The Grove,"—a name that always means
Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate—
Each window had its close Venetian screens
And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state
The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclos'd by chance,
The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,
Each upper window to a passing glance
Revealed a little dimity white bed ;
Each lower one, a cropp'd or curly head ;
And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,
Along the road the twenty-four were led,
Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies
With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued :—On Sunday,

Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price ;

Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday ;

Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice ;

Wednesday—fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice) ;

Thursday—pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, reading ;

Friday—beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice ;

Saturday—scraps, short lessons and short feeding,

Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel collars, and good breeding.

From this repertory of female learning,

Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter !

To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.

'Twas evident in bolsters, beef, and batter,

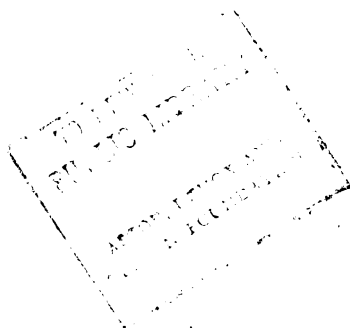
Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not smatter,

But heartily, as Jenkins says, " demollidge ;"

But as for any learning, not to flatter,

As often happens when girls leave their college,

She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.





PRACTICE DRIVES ME MAD.

At Long Division sums she had no chance,
And history was quite as bad a baulk ;
Her French it was too small for Petty France,
And Priscian suffered in her English talk :
Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk ;
As for the globes—the use of the terrestrial
She knew when she went out to take a walk,
Or take a ride ; but, touching the celestial,
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars ;
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for Burgo,
Sidus, for Master : then, for northern stars,
The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go,
The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo,
The Ram the same that butted at her brother ;
As for the Twins, she only guessed that Virgo,
From coming after them, must be their mother ;
The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.



A POUTER.

“Ellen, I will no longer call you mine,
That time is past, and ne’er can come again ;
However other lights undimmed may shine,
And undiminishing, one truth is plain,
Which I, alas ! have learned,—that love can wane.
The dream is past away, the veil is rent,
Your heart was not intended for my reign ;
A sphere so full, I feel, was never meant
With one poor man in it to be content.

“ It must, no doubt, be pleasant beyond measure,
To wander underneath the whispering bough
With Dian, a perpetual round of pleasure.

Nay, fear not,—I absolve of every vow,—
Use,—use your own celestial pleasure now,
Your apogee and perigee arrange.

Herschel might aptly stare and wonder how,
To me that constant disk has nothing strange—
A counterfeit is sometimes hard to change.

“ Oh Ellen ! I once little thought to write
Such words unto you, with so hard a pen ;
Yet outraged love will change its nature quite,
And turn like tiger hunted to its den—

How Falsehood trips in her deceits on men !
And stands abash'd, discover'd, and forlorn !

Had it been only cusp'd—but gibbous—then
It had gone down—but Faith drew back in scorn,
And would not swallow it—without a horn !

“ I am in occultation,—that is plain :

My culmination’s past,—that’s quite as clear.

But think not I will suffer your disdain

To hang a lunar rainbow on a tear.

Whate’er my pangs, they shall be buried here ;

No murmur,—not a sigh,—shall thence exhale ;

Smile on,—and for your own peculiar sphere

Choose some eccentric path,—you cannot fail,

And pray stick on a most portentous tail !

“ Farewell ! I hope you are in health and gay,

For me, I never felt so well and merry—

As for the bran-new idol of the day,

Monkey or man, I am indifferent—very !

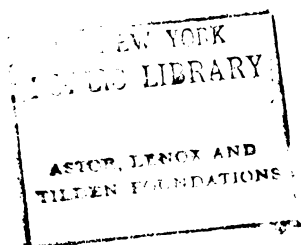
Nor e’en will ask who is the Happy Jerry ;

My jealousy is dead, or gone to sleep,

But let me hint that you will want a wherry,

Three weeks’ spring-tide, and not a chance of neap,

Your parlours will be flooded six feet deep !





POND'S ASTRONOMY.

Three

Your pai

“ Oh Ellen ! how delicious was that light

Wherein our plighted shadows used to blend,
 Meanwhile the melancholy bird of night—

No more of that—the lover’s at an end.

Yet if I may advise you, as a friend,
 Before you next pen sentiments so fond,
 Study your cycles—I would recommend
 Our Airy—and let South be duly conn’d,
 And take a dip, I beg, in the great Pond.

“ Farewell again ! it is farewell for ever !

Before your lamp of night be lit up thrice,
 I shall be sailing, haply, for Swan River,
 Jamaica, or the Indian land of rice,
 Or Boothia Felix—happy clime of ice !
 For Trebizond, or distant Scanderoon,
 Ceylon, or Java redolent of spice,
 Or settling, neighbour of the Cape baboon,
 Or roaming o’er—The Mountains of the Moon!

“ What matters where? my world no longer owns
That dear meridian spot from which I dated
Degrees of distance, hemispheres, and zones,
A globe all blank and barren and belated.
What matters where my future life be fated?
With Lapland hordes, or Koords or Afric peasant,
A squatter in the western woods located,
What matters where? My bias at the present
Leans to the country that reveres the Crescent!

“ Farewell! and if for ever, fare thee well!
As wrote another of my fellow-martyrs:
I ask no sexton for his passing-bell,
I do not ask your teardrops to be starters,
However I may die, transfix'd by Tartars,
By Cobras poisoned, by Constrictors strangled,
By shark or cayman snapt above the garters,
By royal tiger or Cape lion mangled,
Or starved to death in the wild woods entangled,

“ Or tortured slowly at an Indian stake,
Or smother'd in the sandy hot simoom,
Or crush'd in Chili by earth's awful quake,
Or baked in lava, a Vesuvian tomb,
Or dirged by syrens and the billows' boom,
Or stiffen'd to a stock mid Alpine snows,
Or stricken by the Plague with sudden doom,
Or suck'd by Vampyres to a last repose,
Or self-destroy'd, impatient of my woes,

“ Still fare you well, however I may fare,
A fare perchance to the Lethean shore,
Caught up by rushing whirlwinds in the air,
Or dash'd down cataracts with dreadful roar ;
Nay, this warm heart, once yours unto the core,
This hand you should have claim'd in church or minster,
Some cannibal may gnaw”—she read no more—
Prone on the carpet fell the senseless spinster,
Loosing herself, as 'twere, in Kidderminster !



"SHE'S BLACK IN THE FACE!"

Of course of such a fall the shock was great,
In rush'd the Father, panting from the shop,
In rush'd the mother, without cap or tête,
Pursued by Betty Housemaid with her mop ;
The Cook to change her apron did not stop,
The charwoman next scrambled up the stair, —
All help to lift, to haul, to seat, to prop,
And then they stand and smother round the chair,
Exclaiming in a chorus, " Give her air ! "

One sears her nostrils with a burning feather,
Another rams a phial up her nose ;
A third crooks all her finger-joints together,
A fourth rips up her laces and her bows,
While all by turns keep trampling on her toes,
And, when she gasps for breath, they pour in plump
A sudden drench that down her thorax goes,
As if in fetching her—some wits so jump—
She must be fetch'd with water like a pump !

No wonder that thus drench'd, and wrench'd, and gall'd,

As soon as possible, from syncope's fetter

Her senses had the sense to be recall'd,

"I'm better—that will do—indeed I'm better,"

She cried to each importunate besetter ;

Meanwhile, escaping from the stir and smother,

The prudent parent seized the lover's letter,

(Daughters should have no secrets with a Mother)

And read it thro' from one end to the other.

From first to last, she never skipp'd a word—

For young Lorenzo of all youths was one

So wise, so good, so moral she averr'd,

So clever, quite above the common run—

She made him sit by her, and call'd him son,

No matrimonial suit, e'en Duke's or Earl's,

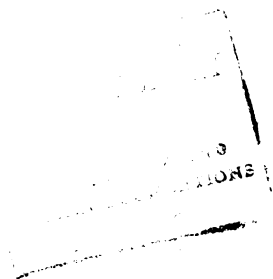
So flatter'd her maternal feelings—none !

For mothers always think young men are pearls

Who come and throw themselves before their girls.



DECAPITATION.



And now, at warning signal from her finger,

The servants most reluctantly withdrew,

But list'ning on the stairs contriv'd to linger ;

For Ellen gazing round with eyes of blue

At last the features of her parent knew,

And, summoning her breath and vocal pow'rs ,

“ Oh, mother !” she exclaimed—“ Oh, is it true—

Our dear Lorenzo”—the dear name drew show'rs—

“ *Ours*,” cried the mother, “ pray don't call him ours !

“ I never liked him, never, in my days !’

[“ Oh yes—you did ”—said Ellen with a sob,]

“ There always *was* a something in his ways—”

[“ So sweet—so kind,” said Ellen with a throb,]

“ His very face was what I call a snob,

And, spite of West-end coats and pantaloons,

He had a sort of air of the swell mob ;

I'm sure when he has come of afternoons

To tea, I've often thought—I'll watch my spoons !”

“ The spoons ! ” cried Ellen, almost with a scream,

“ Oh cruel—false as cruel—and unjust !

He that once stood so high in your esteem ! ”

“ He ! ” cried the dame, grimacing her disgust,

“ I like him ?—yes—as any body must

An infidel that scoffs at God and Devil :

Didn’t he bring you Bonaparty’s bust ?

Lord ! when he calls I hardly can be civil—

My favourite was always Mr. Neville.

“ Lorenzo ?—I should like, of earthly things,

To see him hanging forty cubits high ;

Doesn’t he write like Captain Rocks and Swings ?

Nay, in this very letter bid you try

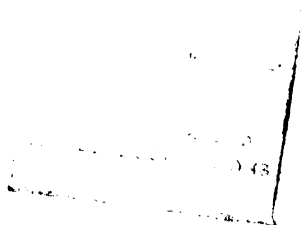
To make yourself particular, and tie

A tail on—a prodigious tail !—Oh daughter !

And don’t he ask you down his area—fie !

And recommend to cut your being shorter,

With brick-bats round your neck in ponds of water ? ”





"STICK AS YOU BE—THAT'S THE COMET."

Alas ! to think how readers thus may vary

A writer's sense !—What mortal would have thought
Lorenzo's hint about Professors Airy

And Pond to such a likeness could be brought !

Who would have dreamt the simple way he taught
To make a comet of poor Ellen's moon,

Could furnish forth an image so distraught,
As Ellen, walking Regent Street at noon,
Tail'd—like a fat Cape sheep, or a racoon !

And yet, whate'er absurdity the brains

May hatch, it ne'er wants wet-nurses to suckle it ;
Or dry ones, like a hen, to take the pains

To lead the nudity abroad, and chuckle it ;

No whim so stupid but some fool will buckle it
To jingle bell-like on his empty head,

No mental mud, but some will knead and knuckle it,
And fancy they are making fancy-bread ;—

No ass has written, but some ass has read.

No dolts could lead if others did not follow 'em,

No Hahnemann could give decillionth drops,

If any man could not be got to swallow 'em ;

But folly never comes to such full stops.

As soon, then, as the Mother made such swaps

Of all Lorenzo's meanings, heads and tails,

The Father seized upon her malaprops—

“ My girl down areas—of a night ! 'Ods nails !

I'll stick the scoundrel on his area-rails !

“ I will !—as sure as I was christen'd John !

A girl—well born—and bred,—and school'd at Ditton—

Accomplish'd—handsome—with a tail stuck on !

And chuck'd—Zounds !—chuck'd in horseponds like a kitten ;

I wish I had been by when that was written !”—

And doubling to a fist each ample hand,

The empty air he boxed with, a-la Bitton,

As if in training for a fight, long plann'd

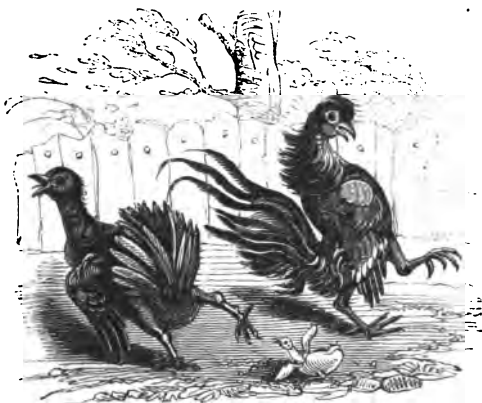
With Nobody—for love—at No Man's Land !



TAILS OF THE HAUL BY CRAB.

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A FOWL WIND.

“ I’ll pond—I’ll tail him !”—In a voice of thunder

He recommenced his fury and his fuss,

Loud, open mouth’d, and wedded to his blunder,

Like one of those great guns that end in bus.

“ I’ll teach him to write ponds and tails to us !”

But while so menacing this-that-and-t’others,

His wife broke in with certain truths, as thus:

“ Men are not women—fathers can’t be mothers,—

Females are females”—and few such others.

So saying, with rough nudges, willy-nilly,
She hustled him outside the chamber door,
Looking, it must be own'd, a little silly,
And then she did as the Carynthian boor
Serves (Goldsmith says) the traveller that's poor,
Id est, she shut him in the outer space,
With just as much apology—no more—
As Boreas would present in such a case,
For slamming the street door right in your face.

And now, the secrets of the sex thus kept,
What passed in that important tête-à-tête
'Twixt dam and daughter, nobody except
Paul Pry, or his Twin Brother, could narrate—
So turn we to Lorenzo, left of late,
In front of Mrs. Snelling's sugar'd snacks,
In such a very waspish stinging state—
But now at the Old Dragon, stretch'd on racks,
Fretting, and biting down his nails to tacks;

Because that new fast four-inside the Comet,
Instead of keeping its appointed time,
Had deviated some few minutes from it,
A thing with all astronomers a crime,
And he had studied in that lore sublime ;
Nor did his heat get any less or shorter
For pouring upon passion's unslaked lime
A well-grown glass of Cogniac and water,
Mix'd stiff as starch by the Old Dragon's daughter.

At length, "Fair Ellen" sounding with a flourish,
The Comet came all bright, bran new, and smart ;
Meanwhile the melody conspired to nourish
The hasty spirit in Lorenzo's heart
And soon upon the roof he "topped his part,
Which never had a more impatient man on,
Wishing devoutly that the steeds would start
Like lightning greased,—or, as at Ballyshannon
Sublimed, "greased lightning shot out of a cannon !"

For, ever since the letter left his hand,
His mind had been in vacillating motion,
Dodge-dodging like a fluster'd crab on land,
That cannot ask its way, and has no notion
If right or left leads to the German Ocean—
Hatred and Love by turns enjoy'd monopolies,
Till, like a Doctor following his own potion,
Before a learned pig could spell Acropolis,
He went and booked himself for our metropolis.

“ Oh, for a horse,” or rather four,—“ with wings ! ”
For so he put the wish into the plural—
No relish he retained for country things,
He could not join felicity with rural,
His thoughts were all with London and the mural,
Where architects—not paupers—heap and *pile* stones ;
Or with the horses' muscles, called the crural,
How fast they could macadamize the milestones
Which pass'd as tediously as gall, or bile stones.

Blind to the picturesque, he ne'er perceived

In Nature one artistical fine stroke ;

For instance, how that purple hill relieved

The beggar-woman in the gipsy-poke,

And how the red cow carried off her cloak ;

Or how the aged horse, so gaunt and grey,

Threw off a noble mass of beech and oak ;

Or, how the tinker's ass, beside the way,

Came boldly out from a white cloud—to bray !

Such things have no delight for worried men,

That travel full of care and anxious smart :

Coachmen and horses, are your artists then ;

Just try a team of draughtsmen with the Dart,

Take Shee, for instance, Etty, Jones, and Hart,

Let every neck be put into its noose,

Then tip 'em on the flank to make 'em start,

And see how they will draw !—Four screws let loose

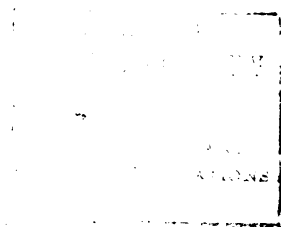
Would make a difference—or I'm a goose !

Nor cared he more about the promis'd crops,
If oats were looking up, or wheat was laid,
For flies in turnips, or a blight in hops,
Or how the barley prosper'd or decay'd ;
In short, no items of the farming trade,
Peas, beans, tares, 'taters, could his mind beguile ;
Nor did he answer to the servant maid,
That always asked at every other mile,
" Where do we change, Sir ?" with her sweetest smile.

Nor more he listened to the Politician,
Who lectured on his left, a formal prig,
Of Belgium's, Greece's, Turkey's, sad condition,
Not worth a cheese, an olive, or a fig ;
Nor yet unto the critic, fierce, and big
Who, holding forth, all lonely, in his glory,
Call'd one a sad bad Poet—and a Whig,
And, one, a first-rate proser—and a Tory,
So critics judge, now, of a song or story.

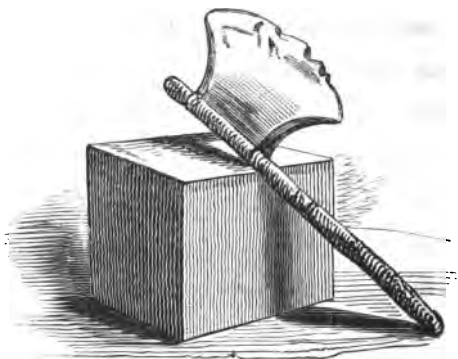


"LORD, JOHN, HERE'S A BURROW!"



Nay, when the coachman spoke about the 'Leger,
 Of Popsy, Mopsy, Bergamotte, and Civet,
 Of breeder, trainer, owner, backer, hedger,
 And nags as right, or righter than a trivet,
 The theme his crack'd attention could not rivet ;
 Though leaning forward to the man of whips,
 He seem'd to give an ear,—but did not give it,
 For Ellen's moon (that saddest of her slips)
 Would not be hidden by a "new Eclipse."

If any thought e'er flitted in his head
 Belonging to the sphere of Bland and Crocky,
 It was to wish the team all thorough-bred,
 And every buckle on their backs a jockey :
 When spinning down a steep descent, or rocky,
 He never watch'd the wheel, and long'd to lock it ;
 He liked the bolters that set off so cocky ;
 Nor did it shake a single nerve or shock it,
 Because the Comet raced against the Rocket.



THE HEAD WAITER AT HATCHETT'S.

Thanks to which rivalry, at last the journey
Finish'd an hour and quarter under time,
Without a case for surgeon or attorney,
Just as St. James's rang its seventh chime :
And, now, descending from his seat sublime,
Behold Lorenzo, weariest of wights,
In that great core of brick, and stone, and lime,
Call'd England's Heart—but which, as seen of nights,
Has rather more th' appearance of its lights.

Away he scudded—elbowing, perforce,
Thro' cads, and lads, and many a Hebrew worrier,
With fruit, knives, pencils,—all dirt cheap of course,
Coachmen, and hawkers of the Globe and “Currier ;”
Away !—the cookmaid is not such a skurrier,
When, fit to split her gingham as she goes,
With six just striking on the clock to hurry her,
She strides along with one of her three beaux,
To get well placed at Ashley's—now Ducrows'.

“ I wonder if her moon is full to-night !
He mutter'd, jealous as a Spanish Don,
When, lo !—to aggravate that inward spite,
In glancing at a board he spied thereon
A play-bill for dramatic folks to con,
In letters such as those may read, who run,
“ ‘ KING JOHN ’—oh yes,—I recollect King John !
‘ My Lord, they say five moons’—*five* moons !—well done !
wonder Ellen was content with one !

Five moons—all full!—and all at once in heav'n !

She should have lived in that prolific reign ! ”

Here he arriv'd in front of number seven,

Th' abode of all his joy and all his pain ;

A sudden tremor shot through every vein,

He wish'd he'd come up by the heavy wagon,

And felt an impulse to turn back again,

Oh, that he ne'er had quitted the Old Dragon !

Then came a sort of longing for a flagon.

His tongue and palate seem'd so parch'd with drouth,—

The very knocker fill'd his soul with dread,

As if it had a living lion's mouth,

With teeth so terrible, and tongue so red,

In which he had engaged to put his head.

The bell-pull turn'd his courage into vapour,

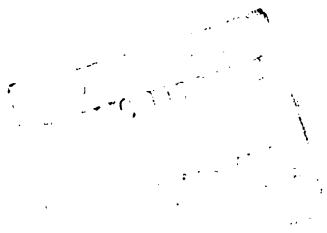
As though 'twould cause a shower-bath to shed

Its thousand shocks, to make him sigh and caper—

He look'd askance, and did not like the scraper.



FREE TRADE.



“ What business have I here ? (he thought) a dunce

A hopeless passion thus to fan and foster,

Instead of putting out its wick at once ;

She’s gone—it’s very evident I’ve lost her,—

And to the wanton wind I should have toss’d her—

Pish ! I will leave her with her moon, at ease,

To toast and eat it, like a single Gloster,

Or cram some fool with it, as good green cheese,

Or make a honeymoon, if so she please.

“ Yes—here I leave her,” and as thus he spoke,

He plied the knocker with such needless force,

It almost split the pannel of sound oak ;

And then he went as wildly through a course

Of ringing, till he made abrupt divorce

Between the bell and its dumbfounded handle ;

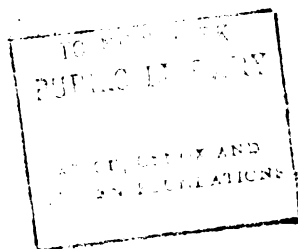
Whilst up ran Betty, out of breath and hoarse,

And thrust into his face her blown-out candle,

To recognise the author of such scandal.

Who, presto ! cloak, and carpet-bag to boot,
Went stumbling, rumbling, up the dark one pair,
With other noise than his whose " very foot
Had music in't as he came up the stair : "
And then, with no more manners than a bear,
His hat upon his head, no matter how,
No modest tap his presence to declare,
He bolted in a room, without a bow,
And there sat Ellen, with a marble brow !

Like fond Medora, watching at her window,
Yet not of any Corsair bark in search—
The jutting lodging-house of Mrs. Lindo,
" The Cheapest House in Town " of Todd and Sturch,
The private house of Reverend Doctor Birch,
The public-house, closed nightly at eleven,
And then that house of prayer, the parish church,
Some roofs, and chimneys, and a glimpse of heaven,
Made up the whole look-out of Number Seven.





"MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT ALONE."

Yet something in the prospect so absorbed her,
She seemed quite drowned and dozing in a dream ;
As if her own belov'd full moon still orb'd her,
Lulling her fancy in some lunar scheme,
With lost Lorenzo, may be, for its theme—
Yet when Lorenzo touch'd her on the shoulder,
She started up with an abortive scream,
As if some midnight ghost, from regions colder,
Had come within his bony arms to fold her.

“Lorenzo!”—“Ellen!”—then came “Sir!” and “Madam!”

They tried to speak, but hammer'd at each word,
As if it were a flint for great Mac Adam ;
Such broken English never else was heard
For like an aspen leaf each nerve was stirr'd,
A chilly tremor thrill'd them through and through,
Their efforts to be stiff were quite absurd,
They shook like jellies made without a due
And proper share of common joiner's glue.

“ Ellen ! I’m come—to bid you—fare—farewell ”

They thus began to fight their verbal duel ;

“ Since some more hap—hap—happy man must dwell—”

“ Alas—Loren—Lorenzo !—cru—cru—cruel ! ”

For so they split their words like grits for gruel ;

At last the Lover, as he long had plann’d,

Drew out that once inestimable jewel,

Her portrait, which was erst so fondly scann’d,

And thrust poor Ellen’s face into her hand.

“ There—take it Madam—take it back I crave,

The face of one—but I must now forget her,

Bestow it on whatever hapless slave

Your art has last enticed into your fetter—

And there are your epistles—there ! each letter !

I wish no record of your vow’s infractions,

Send them to South—or Children—you had better—

They will be novelties—rare benefactions

To shine in Philosophical Transactions !

“ Take them—pray take them—I resign them quite !

And there’s the glove you gave me leave to steal—

And there’s the handkerchief, so pure and white,

Once sanctified by tears, when Miss O’Neill——

But no—you did not—cannot—do not feel

A Juliet’s faith, that time could only harden !

Fool that I was, in my mistaken zeal !

I should have led you,—by your leave and pardon—

To Bartley’s Orrery, not Covent Garden !

“ And here’s the birth-day ring—nor man nor devil

Should once have torn it from my living hand,

Perchance ’twill look as well on Mr. Neville ;

And that—and that is all—and now I stand

Absolv’d of each dissever’d tie and band—

And so farewell, till Time’s eternal sickle

Shall reap our lives—in this, or foreign land

Some other may be found for truth to stickle

Almost as fair—and not so false and fickle ! ”

And there he ceased: as truly it was time,
For of the various themes that left his mouth,
One half surpass'd her intellectual climb:
She knew no more than the old Hill of Howth
About that "Children of a larger growth,"
Who notes proceedings of the F. R. S.'s;
Kit North, was just as strange to her as South,
Except the south the weathercock expresses,
Nay, Bartley's Orrery defied her guesses.

Howbeit some notion of his jealous drift
She gather'd from the simple outward fact,
That her own lap contained each slighted gift;
Though quite unconscious of his cause to act
So like Othello, with his face unblack'd;
"Alas!" she sobbed, "your cruel course I see,
These faded charms no longer can attract;
Your fancy palls, and you would wander free,
And lay your own apostacy on me!



"I RAN IT THRO' E'EN FROM MY BOYISH DAYS."



I, false!—unjust Lorenzo!—and to you!

Oh, all ye holy gospels that incline

The soul to truth, bear witness I am true!

By all that lives, of earthly or divine—

So long as this poor throbbing heart is mine—

I false!—the world shall change its course as soon!

True as the streamlet to the stars that shine—

True as the dial to the sun at noon,

True as the tide to yonder blessed moon!"

And as she spoke, she pointed through the window,

Somewhere above the houses' distant tops,

Betwixt the chimney-pots of Mrs. Lindo,

And Todd and Sturch's cheapest of all shops

For ribbons, laces, muslins, silks and fops;—

Meanwhile as she upraised her face so Grecian,

And eyes suffused with scintillating drops,

Lorenzo looked, too, o'er the blinds venetian,

To see the sphere so troubled with repletion.

“ The Moon ! ” he cried, and an electric spasm
Seem'd all at once his features to distort,
And fix'd his mouth, a dumb and gaping chasm—
His faculties benumb'd and all amort—
At last his voice came, of most shrilly sort,
Just like a sea-gull's wheeling round a rock—
“ Speak ! Ellen !—is your sight indeed so short !
The Moon !—Brute ! savage that I am, and block !
The Moon ! (Oh, ye Romantics what a shock !)
Why that's the new Illuminated Clock ! ”



ST. BLAISE.

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"GO IT, NED."

STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE.

“Twiddle'em, Twaddle'em, Twenty-one.”

Nurse. O woe ! O woeful, woeful, woeful day !
 Most lamentable day ! most woeful day !
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold !
 O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
 Never was seen so black a day as this !
 O woeful day ! O woeful day !
 * * * * *

Musician. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah ! put up, put up ;
 For well you know this is a pitiful case.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

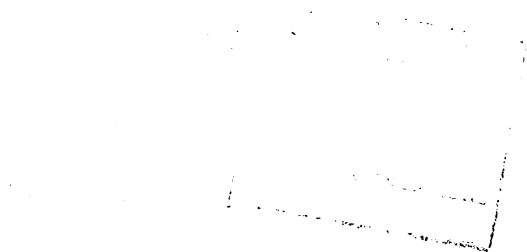
To DAY it is my natal day,
 Three 'prenticeships have past away,
 A part in work, a part in play,
 Since I was bound to life !
 This first of May I come of age,
 A Man, I enter on the stage
 Where human passions fret and rage,
 To mingle in the strife.

It ought to be a happy date,
 My friends, they all congratulate

That I am come to "Man's Estate,"
To some, a grand event ;
But ah ! to me descent allots
No acres, no paternal spots
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex, Notts,
Hants, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o' Groat's to Land's End search,
I have not one rod, pole, or perch
To pay me rent, or tithe to church,
That I can call my own.
Not common-right for goose or ass ;
Then what is Man's Estate ? Alas !
Six feet by two of mould and grass
When I am dust and bone.

Reserve the feast ! The board forsake !
Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the cake,
No toasts or foolish speeches make,
At which my reason spurns.
Before this happy term you praise,
And prate about returns and days,
Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,
And sum up my returns.





SNIFFING A BIRTHDAY.

I know where great estates descend
That here is Boyhood's legal end,
And easily can comprehend

How "Manors make the Man."

But as for me, I was not born
To quit-rent of a peppercorn,
And gain no ground this blessed morn
From Beersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make!
To roast a bullock for my sake,
Who in the country have no stake,
Would be too like a quiz ;
No banners hoist—let off no gun—
Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—
But think, when Man is Twenty-One
What new delights are his?

What is the moral legal fact.
Of age to-day, I'm free to act
For self—free, namely, to contract
Engagements, bonds, and debts ;

I'm free to give my I O U,
Sign, draw, accept, as majors do ;
And free to lose my freedom too
For want of due assets.



“ THE HAIR APPARENT TO THE CROWN.”

I am of age, to ask Miss Ball,
Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,
To go to church, hump, squint, and all
And be my own for life

But put such reasons on their shelves,
To tell the truth between ourselves,
I'm one of those contented elves
Who do not want a wife.

What else belongs to Manhood still?
I'm old enough to make my will.
With valid clause and codicil
Before in turf I lie.
But I have nothing to bequeath
In earth, or waters underneath,
And in all candour let me breathe,
I do not want to die.

Away! if this be Manhood's forte,
Put by the sherry and the port—
No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
No dance—no merry pipes!
No flowery garlands—no bouquet—
No Birthday Ode to sing or say—
To me it seems this is a day
For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justify the festive cup
What horrors here are conjured up !
What things of bitter bite and sup,
 Poor wretched Twenty-One's !
No landed lumps, but frumps and humps,
(Discretion's Days are far from trumps)
Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,
 Death, dockets, debts, and duns !

If you must drink, oh drink "the King,"—
Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring,
Drink Aldgate Pump—or anything,
 Before a toast like this !
Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,
And turning o'er this sorry page,
Was young Nineteen so far from sage ?
 Or young Eighteen from bliss ?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn—
No sign of May about the thorn,—
Were Love and Bacchus both unborn ?
 Had Beauty not a shape ?

Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty !
Make answer, lads of Trinity !
Who sipp'd with me Divinity,
And quaff'd the ruby grape !

No flummery then from flowery lips,
No three times three and hip-hip-hips,
Because I'm ripe and full of pips—

I like a little green.

To put me on my solemn oath,
If sweep-like I could stop my growth,
I would remain, and nothing loth,
A Boy—about nineteen.

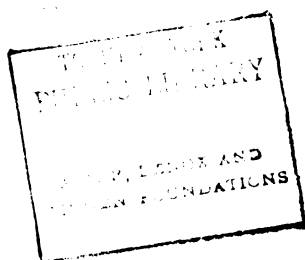
My friends, excuse me these rebukes !
Were I a monarch's son, or duke's,
Go to the Vatican of Meux

And broach his biggest barrels—
Impale whole elephants on spits—
Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits
And dance into St. Vitus' fits,
And break your winds with carols !

But ah ! too well you know my lot,
Ancestral acres greet me not,
My freehold's in a garden-pot,
And barely worth a pin.
Away then with all festive stuff!
Let Robins advertise and puff
My "Man's Estate," I'm sure enough
I shall not buy it in.



FANCY PORTRAIT "MR. ROBINS."





THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

THE QUAKERS' CONVERSAZIONE.

"Dost thou love silence, deep as that before the winds were made? Go not into the wilderness; descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the cells of thy ears, with little-faith'd, self-mistrusting Ulysses. Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting."

ESSAYS OF ELIA.

It may not, or rather it cannot, be generally known, that an attempt was made, last winter, by certain influential members of the Society of Friends, to establish a *Conversazione* at Tottenham, a neighbourhood especially favoured by that respectable and substantial sect. The idea originated with a junior female branch of the opulent family of the Mumfords, which has been seated, time out of mind, in the vicinity of Bruce Castle: the notion was broached to a select few of the sisterhood, during a Sabbath walk homewards from the conventicle; the suggestion was relished; and a conference was called, at which the scheme was

seriously brought forward, and gravely considered. At first there was a little boggling at the proposed title, as savouring, it was thought, of Loquacity ; but the objection was dropped, on an explanation that although the word implied conversation, no one would be bidden to discourse against their own inclination ; nay, that even amongst other persuasions, the conversazioni were frequently as distant as possible from a Negro "Talk," or a red Indian "Palaver." This little demur excepted, the plan went on swimmingly, and was finally adopted with the subdued hum, which, in that quiet-loving community, is equivalent to acclamations. A secretary was formally proposed, and tacitly chosen unanimously ; being no other than the fair Foundress herself the mild-spoken and meek-eyed Ruth Mumford. A few brief rules were then drawn up, and, after no debate, agreed to—some of them, considering the constitutional taciturnity of the sect, being sufficiently superfluous, as guarding against what Bubb Doddington called "a multiplicity of talk." For instance, the 9th rule provided, that "no brother or sister should indulge in rambling irrelevant discourse,

embracing a profusion of topics, wide of the matter in hand." The 10th, that "no two or more Friends should disburthen themselves of speech at one and the same time;" and the 12th, that "no member of this society shall deliver himself or herself with unreasonable continuity, to the prevention of other Friends who might desire to speak to the matter." From the list of subjects to be "spoken to" politics and polemics were excluded; but poetry was allowed, or at least connived at, the excellent example of Bernard Barton and the Howitts having happily relaxed the primitive rigour of that proscription. Besides, it was well known, between Friends, that several of the younger female members, the fair secretary included, occasionally struck, or rather, as Quakers ought not to strike anything, twangled the lyre. For the rest, the society was modelled after other private literary associations; it was to meet twice weekly, visiting the houses of the members in rotation, when original essays or papers were to be read, and afterwards discussed; provided always, that they afforded any Debateable Land to make a stand upon, seeing that

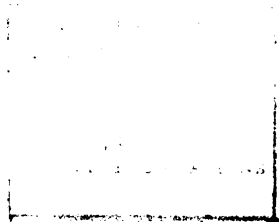
at the end of the rules and regulations, a special article earnestly recommended, that in the selection of subjects all such topics should be avoided "as might lead to differences of opinion amongst the brethren."

Such was—for it is defunct—the Tottenham Friends' Conversazione; of whose existence I became aware but by accident. It was my good fortune, till lately, to live next door to a family of Quakers, and to make acquaintance with the eldest daughter, a young lively maiden just wearing out the last of her teens. I am afraid in the austere brown eyes of her parents she was not strictly considered as the flower of their flock, being a sort of nonconformist among nonconformists, as was especially to be seen in comparing her with her younger sisters, who seemed to have been brought up, or stuck up, under the most starched discipline. Instead of their plain close caps,—mere casts of their skulls taken in muslin,—she wore an airy fanciful structure of blonde and white ribbon, that a Parisian woman might have put on—at least of a morning. In lieu of their sleek mohair braids, her auburn ringlets flowed down her neck in all the "Unloveliness of Love-

locks." To her star-like hazel eyes she allowed a little planetary liberty of circulation ; whereas it seemed the object of the others, to keep their demure brown orbs as immoveable in their faces, as bad halfpence nailed to counters. Instead of screwing up her lips, as if she had just come, minus a masticator, out of Cartwright's into an east wind, she sometimes gave her ivory teeth an airing, by smiling at some innocent fancy, to which she would give utterance, without trying to send her clear sweet voice, by a New North-West Passage through her nose. As for her figure, it was none of those shapes which have no shape, and may be swaddled up without detriment in dingy drabs, olives, slates, and snuffy browns,—shapes which nature makes on her basin-pudding days, instead of using her best jelly-moulds—shapes like the bonnet-shapes which balance baskets of live mackarel. To see the symmetrical Rachel standing near either of her sisters, you would think you beheld (borrowing a local image) Tottenham High Cross, beside the Waithman Obelisk. Accordingly, the orthodox warp of her glossy satin was always *shot* with a woof of

some one of those gayer prismatic tints, to wear which is reckoned, amongst the severer Foxites, "a profanation of the Rainbow, deserving a second deluge." As will be seen hereafter, she put a little blue into her superfine silken hose; sometimes I even fancied that I detected a tinge of the more fleshy pink—in short, she was a Quakeress, but not of the sad-brown sort—only a brunette.

With the old Friends, her parents, I cannot boast that I was even on speaking terms; but with the lovely and lively Rachel my acquaintance had ripened even to the calling her by her Christian name; and the reciprocation of her thou and thee, to which I was led, not as a convertite, but from learning in my French and German Grammars, that the use of the second person singular, was an especial token of intimacy and affection. In this our neighbourly intercourse, a system of mutual accommodation sprang up between us, not by bills, but by books, for which she drew upon me by pretty little notes of hand, that I duly honoured, making them payable over the back garden wall. Drawings and pieces of new music were equally nego-





DISCOVERY OF ORGANIC REMAINS.

ciable. If I remember rightly, it was in return for Moore's Melodies—the exchange at the time being against me—that I received “Fox's Martyrs.” It was rather a ponderous tome for a lover of light reading, and if St. Swithin's Festival had not fallen on a very wet Sunday in the country, I might never have opened its leaves, if indeed they did not open of themselves, thus letting fall certain MSS. entrusted to their custody, and which I now proceed to make public. In a new edition of the “Curiosities of Literature” they would deserve a distinguished place.

MINUTES

OF THE TOTTENHAM FRIENDS' CONVERSAZIONE,

Established with a view to sober, Intellectual and Literary Unbendings. Now first held, namely, on the fourteenth day of the eleventh month, one thousand eight hundred thirty and four. Brother Mumford, the Father of the present humble Pen, in the chair.

A most powerful and worthy setting forth, both in regard of numbers and our proceedings. Firstly, a word in season from Friend Oliver. Secondly, a draught of the rules. Thirdly, an opening poem ; meditation thereon

until the tenth hour, when our sitting was completed. Many congratulations between the brethren on the order, quiet, and decency thereof; myself, as its humble founder, very joyously elevated—even unto the shedding of tears.

17. Some awkwardness on this night, arising out of the presentation of nine several Negroes' Complaints to be read forth. Precedence yielded unto Sister Skeldrum's complaint, in respect of her being so ancient, namely, three-score and ten. After which, Sister Panyer's was gone through, detaining us nearhand until our hour of dissolution. Friend Black in the chair.

21. The Negro Complaints resumed, whereof three more were gotten over, Sister Fagg kindly taking turn about with me in the deliverance thereof. Friend Thorne in the chair.

24. A spare meeting. The Negro Complaints brought to an end, save one; Sister Rumble consenting, on much persuasion, to reserve the Sorrows of Sambo for the Abolition Anniversary. Friend Woolley in the chair.

28. Friend Greathead read forth an original paper on the Manners of the Beaver. Much meditation thereon. Friend Stillfox in the chair.

1-12. Friend Seagrave in the chair. Sister Meeking read forth her Essay on Silence, but in so humble a tone, that little thereof was taken inward at our ears. No debate thereon. Dorcas Fyshe, a visiter, craved to know whether Friends, not being members, were permitted to speak to the subject, and was replied to in the affirmative, Whereupon she held her peace.



“ BEAR ABOUT THE MOCKERY OF WOK.”

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5. Sister Knight read forth a self-composed addressing of herself unto Sleep. To which no objection was made by any present. Friend Knapp in the chair.

8. On this night I plucked up courage, and essayed to read forth mine own Stanzas on Universal Love; but my voice failing me in the midst, it was completely finished for me by Friend Thicknesse, who did perversely continue to pronounce *Jews* instead of *Dews*, whereof came absurdity. Above all, in the line which singeth, "Descend ye Dews on this my Head." And again, "Ye painted Flies that suck the Dews."

12. No other member being prepared with originality, Sister Rumble read forth her Sorrows of Sambo. Much silent comment thereon. Brother Kersey in the chair, who shamefully suffered himself to be surprised with sleep.

15. No lecturing, and, by course, no debate; only meditation. A call made to order against Friend Dilly, who was in the chair, for untimeliness in asking the price of Anglo-Mexicans at a quarter before ten.

19. Sister Fetterlock being a visiter in expectancy, every one confined themselves unto Newgate. Several of the brethren declared their convictions. Friend Roper in the chair.

22. No lecturing. Sister Rumble distributed Sambo's Sorrows amongst us, one unto each; the which she had caused to be imprinted at her own risk and cost. Friend Boulter was the chair.

26. No lecturing. It pleased our worthy Brother Upham,

at his House of Welcome, to spread before us the creature comforts most abundantly, with a great outpouring of the foreign luxury, which is called Champagne; the which was greatly discussed; and Brother Upham thereafter rebuked for the same, for that it was not of the kind which is still.

29. Friend Stock read forth a Narrative of his own Life and Personal Adventures, the which held us for half an hour. Some debate touching the imprinting of the same, at the cost of the Society, in the shape of a Tract; which was agreed to, but put off at the instance of Friend Stock himself, in order to give him time to live into the shape of a pamphlet. Friend Smallbones went through the chair.

2-1-35. No assembly, by reason of the outrageous wind and hail, excepting Sister Rumble, with a new original poem, called "The Moral Gipsej." The which she did read forth from the chair to my humble self and family, and our serving-man, Simon Dunny.

5. Friend Broadbent read forth, in part, an Essay on Innocent Jocularitj; the which, in sundry passages, provoked dissentients, as tending to a defence of levity. A stiff debate thereon, in which all the brethren were agreeable to censure. Great merriment at Friend Sexton in his rebuking, saying "Christian gravy," instead of gravity, by a slip of the tongue.

9. The remains of Innocent Jocularitj brought on again in a decidedly grave way, and nothing savouring of offensive. Followed with silence.

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HOPE DEFERRED.

12. There were not sufficient friends to make a sitting, and no chair.

16. At Sister Rumble's, by course of rotation. No other member present, save mine own self, as by duty bound. A deplorable falling away from the cause. Whereof more hereafter.

* * * * *



"IT CAN'T BE HELPED."

The Record here breaks off. The society probably did not proceed farther, but died on the spot, of a complication of Innocent Jocularly and Sister Rumble, and was buried tacitly, with the fair Ruth Mumford for its chief mourner. The other papers are in verse,

and a reading of them will certainly persuade the reviewers that they were premature in applying the designation of "Quaker Poetry" to foregone lays and lyrics. The first is a genuine brown study after nature; the second a hint how Peace ought *not* to be proclaimed.

SONNET.

BY R. M.

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn's mellow Tone,
With serious Eye, the russet Scene to view !
No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone
The sad-green Holly, and the olive Yew.
The Skies, no longer of a garish Blue,
Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,
Reflected show their slaty Shades anew
In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.
Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,
In Garb of Chocolate so neatly drest,
And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,
And chaste'n'd Pigments, of our Brother West ;
Yea, all is silent, sober, calm, and cool,
Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.



LINES

ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

BY DORCAS DOVE.

AND is it thus ye welcome Peace!

From Mouths of forty-pounding Bores?

Oh cease, exploding Cannons, cease!

Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores!

Not so the quiet Queen should come;

But like a Nurse to still our Fears,

With Shoes of List, demurely dumb,

And Wool or Cotton in her Ears!

She asks for no triumphal Arch ;
No Steeples for their ropy Tongues ;
Down, Drumsticks, down, She needs no March,
Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.

She wants no Noise of mobbing Throats
To tell that She is drawing nigh :
Why this Parade of scarlet Coats,
When War has closed his bloodshot Eye ?

Returning to Domestic Loves,
When War has ceased with all its Ills,
Captains should come like sucking Doves,
With Olive Branches in their Bills.

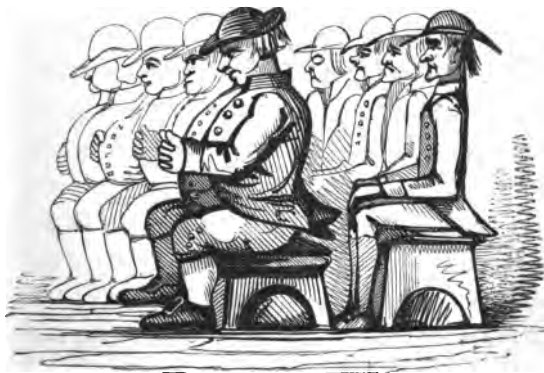
No need there is of vulgar Shout,
Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife, and Drum,
And Soldiers marching all about,
To let Us know that Peace is come.

Oh mild should be the Signs and meek,
Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim !
Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,
And Echo should repeat the same.

Lo! where the Soldier walks, alas!

With Scars received on foreign Grounds ;
Shall we consume in coloured Glass
The Oil that should be pour'd in Wounds?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close,
Will whizzing Rocket-Flights avail ?
Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes ?
Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale?



A GENERAL PEACE.

THE OCEAN,
CONSIDERED *PER SE*.

“ A man whom both the waters and the wind, in that vast tennis-court, have made the ball for them to play upon, entreats you pity him.”—PERICLES.

IT was during a voyage to Margate, many summers ago—before steam *was*—that the little episode occurred which I am going to relate, by way of text, to some observations on the ocean.

The importance of the Mariner's Compass to the sailor is as well known universally as the utility of the little one-eyed instrument, for which Whitechapel is so famous, to the tailor: but its mode of action, and the manner of its application, must be far less generally understood. Whether the plougher of the deep mends his checked shirts with the Needle, or sews the

canvas into sails with it, or uses it, after a battle, to extract the splinters from his hard tarry hand, are speculations likely enough to be entertained by the plougher of the land ; at least by those clod-*compelling* turners of the furrows, mid-county born and bred, who, despite of their predilection for such naval ballads as Tom Bowling and Jack Junk, have never set their simple eyes on ship, or sailor, or the sea which they subdue. To many Londoners even, who jostle the tar in the streets, and behold tier after tier of masted vessels from their lower Bridge,—who have perchance stood and stared at the Compass itself in some shop-window of Leadenhall, or the still more maritime Minories, the Card with its *Card*-inal Points, is an undeciphered hieroglyphic. It did not violently surprise me, therefore, to see a simple-looking creature of this latter class go and take a long wondering look into the binnacle, like a child peeping at the tortoise in an Italian's show-box ; and doubtless, to his callow apprehension, the veering Guide was as much a thing of life and instinct as the outlandish reptile to the urchin. It was not until after a tedious poring at it—long enough, if there were any truth in animal mag-

netism, for the Needle and the Man to have understood one another by mutual sympathy—that the wonderer made up to the steersman, and begged for an elucidation of the marine mystery. Fortunately for the querist, the helmsman, along with all the characteristic good-nature of his fraternity, had none of the coyness, as to the secrets of the craft, with which the ripe sailor is apt to treat the raw voyager; perhaps not without cause. The nautical truths, like the masonic, may deserve to be obtained by degrees of probation: in the present case the unreserved communication of occult knowledge led to any thing but a satisfactory result. No one could take more pains—call them pleasures rather—than the honest man at the wheel, to explain the use and properties of the Compass: he boxed it again and again for the benefit of the gaping neophyte; a benevolent smile, and the twinkling of his blue eyes declaring that he felt amply repaid by the supposed proficiency of his pupil,—when, all of a sudden, his well-earned pride was dashed to the deck by the pupil's turning away on his heel, with a hunch of his shoulders, a blank look, and a dissatisfied grunt, exclaiming,

“ Well, arter all, I don’t see how the turning round of that ’ere little needle can move about the rudder!”

I should have been no Christian man, but a brute beast, had I not sympathised with the feelings of the steersman. Contempt took the lead. All “ the dismal hiss of universal scorn,” ascribed to Milton’s devils, seemed condensed into his whistle. Next came Resentment, wishing back the Cockney-Tailor to his shop-board, sitting on his own needle—and then came Pity, inducing the milder reflection,

“ I wonder the poor gentleman’s friends allows him to go about by himself!”

I doubt whether the force of contempt and pity could further go: and yet—to confess a truth—shall I?—dare I?—say, that to the intense sea-ignorance which incurred the scorn, anger, and compassion of our Palinurus, I look back with ENVY?

Methinks, every British Heart of Oak recoils, and every British head of the same material shakes itself at such an avowal! Every lip that ever helped to chorus Rule Britannia, curls itself up — noses which never sniffed sea-weed tacitly snub me,—eyes which never glimpsed the ocean avert themselves in disgust.

I am bespattered with salt-water oaths and tobacco-juice. The Thames Yacht Clubs, on the strength of having learned to bellow "Elm a-lee!"—"Ard-hup!" and "Oist away!" agree to run me down. The very clerks of the Navy Pay Office propose to seize me up to the dingy, fresh-water Neptune in their fore-court. Captain Basil Hall swears, on his best anchor-button, to keel-haul me daily, for six months, in "the element which never tires." The last of the Dibdins asks for my card. Campbell flares up with the "Meteor Flag of England," and vows to knock me down with its staff;—nay, our Sailor King himself repudiates me, as a subject, for not relishing his *High Seas*!

It can't be helped. When one is confessing, there is no place under the sun like the Ocean for "making a clean breast of it:"—and am not I here staggering and tumbling—soberly tipsy—aboard a lubberly Dutch-built hull, becalmed in a heavy swell—dreaming, when I can sleep, that I am a barrel-churn, revolving with my inside full of half-turned cream or incipient butter;—and finding, when I awake, that dreams do not go so altogether by contraries?

If this perpetual motion hold, the cargo of cheeses

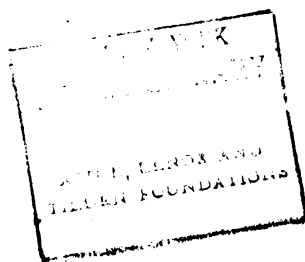
we shipped at Dordrecht, flat as single Glo'sters, will be delivered in London spherical as bowls! The Jung Vrouw herself, before she reaches the Nore, will be a washing-tub! I have doubts whether the salt beef, produced at this day's luncheon, was, originally, a round. The leathern conveniency that I brought aboard, a fair and square trunk, is already almost a portmanteau;—and, what is worse, every several morsel I have swallowed this blessed day without bliss, seems rolling itself into a bolus or a pill,—whether of opium or ipecacuanha, I leave you to divine. If the calm should continue, I may become—who knows?—a Ball myself—a Master Biffin! Every half hour, on feeling my knees and elbows, I find the joints by this friction losing some of their asperities, and getting obtuser. A little more, and I shan't have a good point about me!

Is such as this a season to be squeamishly retentive in delivering one's sentiments? Or, rather, is not open candour inevitable; seeing that you cannot have any reserve even with the merest stranger? It is impossible to keep your feelings to yourself. In spite, then, of Britannia, the Yacht Club, the Navy Pay,—

of Dibdin, Campbell, and Basil Hall,—of the Lords of the Admiralty, with Portsmouth, Devonport, and Gosport, to boot—in spite of the Royal William, nay, in spite of my very self, the truth will out!—not sneaking out, or stepping out, or backing out, but bolting out, in a plain unequivocal straightforward style. I do envy the simple man, with his sheer ignorance about rudders and compasses. I *do* detest and abominate the ocean—or to phrase it more mildly—the sea and I cannot agree with each other—there is sure to be falling-out between us—we can never be bosom-friends.

The Marine Society must despise me for it ; my Elder Brethren of the Trinity House will long to dispose of me as Joseph was made *away with* by his elder brethren ; Boatswain Smith will preach, write Tracts and distribute them, against me ; the Greenwich Pensioners will bind themselves by a round robin to kick me with their knottiest legs ; Long Tom Coffin himself will be for fetching me, with a shroud in one hand, and a dead-light in the other ; but I cannot eat my words.

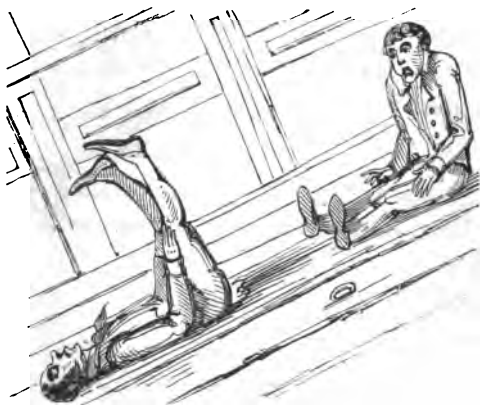
It is no time, when you cannot keep your legs, to “stand bandying compliments with your sovereign,”





A SAWRIAN.

that is Neptune. If he were present at this moment, in this cabin, I would tell him, from this my seat on its floor, that he might very much improve his paternal estate, to wit, by levelling, and still more by draining it. I would flatly say to him, lying flat on my face, as it now happens, that a few little gravel walks, merely across and across it, would be of rare advantage both for show and use. For 'tis a sorry pleasure-garden that is all fish-pond; and, finally, I would broadly hint to him, from the broad of my back, as I am at this present——



SEE SAW.

But this is bullying Taurus behind his back. There is no sea-god present, only the Skipper. How he skips in such weather, give him his pick of all the ropes in the ship, is a miracle I would fain see ere I believe in it. For my own part I cannot even step deliberately over a thread. Perhaps, without going too curiously into the Doctrine of Predestination, as regards the soul, it may hold good as concerns the body. Undoubtedly there be some men born to sit fast upon horses; others to fall off therefrom as if they had soaped saddles. Some to slide and skate upon the ice; others only to slip, straddle, and sprawl upon it. Some to walk, or at least waddle, on ships' decks; others to flop, flounder, wallow, and grovel thereon. That is my destiny. None can be more safe on the Serpentine, or sure in the saddle;—but Fate, long before my great-great-great-grandfather was put to his feet, forbade me sea-legs. An average pedestrian on land, on the caulked plank I am a born cripple, hopeless of cure. Put me apprentice to the Goodwin, or the Dudgeon Light, at the end of my term you shall find me as unsafe on my soles as when

I first paid my footing. Even now, whilst Hans Vandergroot and his crew are comfortably promenading, I rock and totter, balancing one end against the other, like a great rickety babe, until after some posturing and scrambling, I trip up over nothing, and fall flat on every thing. An earthquake in London, when its streets are what is called greasy, could not more puzzle my centre of gravity; if, indeed, I was not born, a mathematical monster, devoid of that material point!

By way of clincher, Fate, who never does things by halves, whilst foredooming me incapable of standing my ground at sea, has also denied me the power of settling it. A camp-stool is sure to decamp with me; a chair, as if it stood on Siberian ice, suddenly throws itself on its back, and behold me in an extempore sledge! Barrels roll from under me; coils of rope shuffle me off. Even on the plain bare hard deck, or cabin floor, I throw demi-summersets, as if I had been returned to parliament to represent the Antipodes by sitting on the back of my head.

To complete the Sea Curse,—there are three Fates

and each had a boon for me at my birth—it was ordained that, like the great Nelson, I should never sail from fresh water into salt, without knowing it by a general rising and commotion, which might be called figuratively, a Mutiny at the Nore.

Like the standing, and sitting, infirmity, it is incurable. On my voyage outwards I tried every popular recipe; the hard ones first, to wit, raw carrots, raw onions, sailors' biscuit with Dutch cheese, hard-boiled eggs, hard dumplings, raw stockfish. Next the easy ones: namely, cream cheese, welsh rabbits, maccaroni, very hasty pudding, and insupportable soup. Then the neutrals: such as chewed blotting-paper, dry oatmeal, pounded egg-shells, scraped chalk, and unbaked dough.

To wash these down, I took, by prescription, tea without milk, coffee without sugar, bark without wine, water without brandy; and these formulæ all failing, I then tried them, as witches pray, backwards; brandy without water, wine without bark, and so forth. The experimental combinations followed; rum and milk, and mustard; eggs and wine, and camomile

tea; gin and beer, and vinegar; sea-water and salad-oil, mulled, with sugar and nutmeg. Of which last, I drank by advice most prodigiously, the Doctors of the Marine College dispensing always on the Homœopathic principle, that a large dose of any thing, whereof a little would set you wrong on the land, will set you right on the sea.

I need hardly say that, with my predisposed *necessitarian* viscera, all these infallible remedies failed of any effect, except to aggravate my case. Nothing short of liquid lead, maybe, or potable plaster of Paris, would have proved a settler.

Happy the man who hath never been driven in his despair to test, detest, invoke, evoke, swallow, and unswallow, such drugs and draughts of the naval Pharmacopeia! Thrice happy civic simpleton who hath never learned how the rudder revolveth, at the risk of *turning round* himself!

Vandergroot is visibly in course of transformation. At every visit to the cabin he looks more and more like a Dutch-pin. He talks to me roundly, and gets blunter and blunter! The last time I felt, I had no

small to my back. If I may guess at my own figure it is now about an oval. I must look like one of Leda's babies, just emerged, with their insignificant buds of legs and arms, from the egg! From an oval to a circle is but a step. Heaven help me when I get landed, round and sound, as they say of cherries! How shall I get home—how get up—(there will be a short way down)—mine own stairs? How shall I sit? Instead of my old library chair, I must borrow its three-legged stool of the terrestrial globe!

Either my head swims, or the cabin is getting circular! I shall roll about in it like a bolus in its box! If I am not merely giddy, I am already as spherical as the earth;—a little flatted, or so, that is, towards the poles. What a horrible rough calm! I will down on my knees, if I have knees, and with clasped hands, if hands remain to me, pray, beg, and supplicate for a dismal storm to batter me into shape again, though it be but nine-bobble-square!

I get more and more candid and communicative every moment. I can keep nothing to myself;—you shall have my whole heart. I abhor, loathe, execrate,

the sea! If I could throw up my hat, my cry would be "Land for ever!" A fico for Tom Tough! Down with Duncan, Howe, and Jervis! No Dibdin!

If ever I get ashore, able to chalk upon a wall, you shall read—Ask for Stoke Pogis! Try Lupton Parva! If ever I get to a dry desk again, to write verse upon,—and the poetry of the ocean is all on the land, its prose only upon the sea,—you shall have a rare new melody, published by Power, to some such strain as this:—

The sea! the D——!

The terrible horrible sea!

The stormy, tumbling,

Qualmy-jumbling,

Spirit-humbling,

Shingle-stumbling,

Sea-weed-fumbling,

Wearing, crumbling,

Mischief-mumbling,

Growling, grumbling,

Like thunder far off rumbling——

That last line halteth in its feet, as it well may, when the poet cannot keep his legs. Oh! it is well for

Cornwall, born perchance "with one foot on sea and one foot on shore" at the Land's End,—I have seen a picture of it by Turner, a bare bleak rocky promontory, with some nineteen gulls and cormorants sitting thereon, each with its tail turned contemptuously towards the barren granite, feldspar, and like sordid soils, which there represent land.—It is well enough for him to chaunt laudations of the briny element, and cry up those amphibia, his first cousins almost, the Nereids and Tritons. Or it may become those others, born in a berth, and christened in brine, with Neptune for sponsor, to sing slightly of the dry ground, on which they cannot claim even a parish. But my nativity was otherwise cast—I am a grass lamb yeaned on the green sward—oh sweet sweet sweet Cropton-le-Moor, down in dear dear Wiltshire!

That pastoral reminiscence hath made me worse. It has given me an appetite—for acres. Methinks I yearn and long and crave for nice clay, delicious mould, and crisp pebbles, in a paroxysm of that strange bulimy that attacks the African Dirt-Eater. Something of Nebuchadnezzar's grazing propensity

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"HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR MONEY?"
"WHY I'M OFF WITH ALL MY MASTER'S."

comes along with it. Gracious Heaven! can it be possible that, after having been battered and shaken out of all shape,—a mere mass of living flesh, like the unlickt ursine cub,—this same Circean Jung Vrouw has taken it into her figure-head to beat, bang, bump, and rumbledy-thump me into another form, a horse, a ram, or a brindled bull!

Thrice brute and beast-hyæna! Were-wolf! Dragon! horned Devil! that thou wast, my Land-steward, Peter Stuckey! after counselling me before thy last audit to abate my rents, to volunteer to reduce them thyself by absconding, across sea, with the whole receipt! Thrice Soland goose, booby, noddie, sea-calf, land-donkey, and loggerhead turtle was I, thus impoverished, instead of economising, to pursue thee on an element where I cannot controul my out-goings!

Donner and Blitzen! what a crash! my rash prayer was heard: there is a storm coming—as the Powers proposed to storm Angiers in King John's days—from all the four quarters at once! I must needs turn in: but how vilely this bed is made with the foot two yards higher than the head! No, the head is highest—

perpendicular. I designed to lie down, and here I am standing bolt erect on my heels—no, on my head. It must be getting cold: the very trunks, stools and tables are making a move towards the stove—nay, now we are in some sudden peril, for they are all doing their best to rush up the cabin-stair. Whew—that sea last shipped must needs have put all the Dutchmen's pipes out. Another plunge; and a flood of brine soaks me through, shirt, sheet, and blankets. There is no washing put out here, I perceive; 'tis all done at home. What a complex, chaotic motion,—the ship tosses and flings like a wild desert-born horse, that is trying to rear, kick up behind, turn round and round, and roll on his back at one and the same moment. This is no Dutch ship, but a Dutch fair—with the drums, gongs, speaking-trumpets, and other discords, all braying together; and I am on the rocking-horse, the round-about, in the up-and-down, and each of the swings all at once! Another crash! The *Jung Vrouw* is bereaved of her little one, alias the long-boat. How kind of Vandergroot to come down to tell me of it, direct, through the skylight, instead of going round by the stair! How kind

of that table, lying on its back, to catch him in its legs! Angels of grace be near us! He tells me as he sways up and down, partly in High, partly in Low Dutch, that the Jung Vrouw herself is washed overboard! But no—I misconstrued him. 'Tis only her great ruddy staring figure-head—which the blundering Holland shipwrights had stuck astern, on the crown of the tiller—that is gone adrift. Oh how I wish from my soul of souls that I could see the Commodore of the Thames Yachts now pulling, within hail, in the *Wenus*! Or, the last Dibdin taking a chair—or the chair taking him—in this cabin! Or, Campbell essaying to write down a new sea-song on yon topsyturvy table! And oh! to behold the author of “The deep deep Sea” sitting on the poop, singing to that floating Young Woman’s head and bust, taken by mistake for a mermaid’s!

Another shout. Pieter Pietersoon, in heaving the lead, hath chucked himself in, along with it! I do not wonder; he heaveth after my own fashion; by wholesale. Have I not within the last two hours rejected, discharged, and utterly cast from me in

disgust, the whole ocean, nay all the oceans, German Atlantic, Pacific—the Arctic last, its solid calms, the next best things to Terra Firma, not so violently disagreeing with me as the rest. And do I not know and feel that I am now about to give up Neptune, trident and all, with the whole salt-water mythology? I warrant, ere ten minutes to come, there shall not remain within me so much as a syren's mirror, or her tortoise-shell comb:—not one solitary Triton will be left on my stomach. Some unsavoury odour about the cabin—marvellously like the smell of oil paint—hath just given me a new turn, by conjuring up all the nauseous pictures of marine allegories, which, even on steady dry land, used to stir and provoke my spleen.

Oh! that they were all here, President, R. A., and A. R. A., in a string, climbing after me up this perilous slippery stair, to the more perilous slippery deck, there to crawl on all-four to the ship's side, and clinging like cats or monkeys to the quarter-boards, take a trembling peep at what Vandergroot calls “den wild zee!” What an awful sight! The tempest-tost sky is as troubled as the ocean: whilst betwixt the jagged

base of the low black cloud, and the still jaggeder crest of the sea, the red angry lightning restlessly darts to and fro, as if in search of whatever presuming mortal dares fare between them ! Oh tell me, Mister Elias Martin—if you an't dead—is the tossing crest of yonder mad black billow, that comes racing after us, at all like the black worsted fringe which your brethren are apt to hang on the necks of their marine Arabians ? But hush, yonder comes Neptune himself, in his state coach—aye, hats off—the wind hath taught ye manners. Lo ! yonder he stands,—Pshaw ! no, no, no,—Zounds ! you are all gaping at honest Hans Vandergroot. Look to starboard—to the left hand ! That's the gentleman, without his castor, nor indeed overwell togged otherwise for wet weather—with his beard lather'd but not shaved—standing up in an oyster-shell drag, and attempting, like a sorry whip as he is, to tool his team of bokickers with a potatoe-fork. Did you ever see four such unbroke brutes as he hath to keep together—neither reined-up, nor down, nor indeed, any ribbons to hold at all—and as I would have laid a pony to nothing, there they go, no pace at all, 'cause why ?

they are just come to some invisible sea obelisk, and each horse is for going down a road of his own. Did you ever set eyes on such action? No stepping out—but all pawing and prancing and putting their feet down again where they picked them up, like Ducrow's dancing stud; as sure as I am a judge, they have all got the string-halt in their fore legs, because they can't have it in their hinder ones! You may swear safely that they have four bad colds besides,—and look what a rabble of naked postilions are hanging on by their manes, because they have no saddles, and if they had, they would never be able to sit in them with those salmon tails! Between ourselves, Elias, 'tis no great shakes of a show; the Lord Mayor's pageant on the water beats it all to sticks; and if you make a picture of it, you will be a fool for your pains. Yet have I seen paintings by first-rate hands as like to this same trumpery Sadlers' Wells water spectacle —

Murder! murder! Help! help! O Lord! A surgeon and a shutter, if there be such comfortable things in this unneighbourly neighbourhood. O! oh! oh! oh! Woe is me! I am not—I am now

certain and sure I am not a Ball! I have limbs and members! legs and arms! like other people's, only they're broke, and a very distinct back. My head! Oh! my head, my head; there are nine lumps thereon, and there are nine cabin stairs!

The real Sea-King, in resentment, I suppose, of my untimely caricature of him and his state-coach, after spitting nine gallons of foam in my face, knocked me flat with a wave, and then kicked me down stairs; and here I am again trying to anoint my bruises with trunks, and bind them up with stools and tables, on the hard-hearted oak planks of the cabin-floor. Yet is it easier with me than I first feared. My legs are not broken, but merely bent. I am only bandy, and not lame for life; but my sea-sickness is not cured. Am I likely to put up, better or worse, think you, with Neptune and his satellites, for this unhandsome usage?

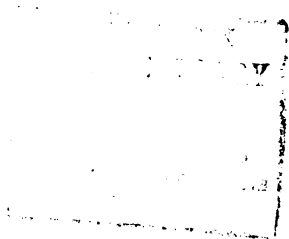
The Jung Vrouw meanwhile is as giddy as ever, nay, worse ten times told. She hath taken a tinge of high-flying, deep-diving German Romanticism into her wooden head, and is trying, plunge after plunge,

to drown herself, and to make me commit wilful suicide along with her, whether I will or not. After that, there is no hope ; but oh ? yet oh, my Fates, let me die upon land. I have a horror of ship-board ! The idea of severing all ties in this cabin is trebly agonising. Why, the very table is tied to the floor, the candlestick to the table, the snuffers to the candlestick, the extinguisher to the snuffers ! Only the burning candle is unattached, and there—there it jumps into bed ! No matter ; it could as soon set fire to the Thames. Another squall ! How she groans, creaks, squeaks, strains, grinds, and squeezes, like a huge walnut in Neptune's crackers ! Accursed Jung Vrouw ! thou wilt be the widowing of my poor dear old one ! Accursed Peter Stuckey, thou wilt be the murdering of my poor dear old self !

I know not, for a surety, by reason that every thing about me is quaking and shaking, but I suspect I am trembling like an aspen. It is impossible to hear, in the midst of this universal hubbub, but, methinks, I am wailing and weeping aloud. But one may as well make a manly exit. Like other men, in such sea



"FRIEND! DOST THEE CALL THIS THE PACIFIC."



extremities, I would fain betake me to the rum-cask ; but either Hans Vandergroot sails on Temperance principles, or I have looked in the wrong place. I will try a stave or two instead.

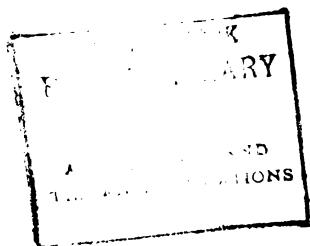
“ Full fathom five—”

Alas ! it will not go down. I am too much out of sorts for even the “ delicate Ariel.” It was one thing for Shakspeare, sailing, hugging the shore, never out of sight of land, on the safe serene coasts of Bohemia, to compose such a sea song for the wood and canvas Tempests of the stage ; but it is another guess thing to hear it, as I do, howled through hoarse ship-ropes, by Boreas himself, in a real storm. What comfort to me that everything about me shall suffer a sea-change ? —that my bones shall turn, forsooth, into coral ? I would not give a bad doit, with some of these poor metacarpal bones of mine to be rubbing the gums of the Royal Infant of Spain. I am not so blindly ambitious as to wish that these two precious useful balls of mine, turned into pearls, should shine in the British crown itself, or, what is more tempting, in

the hair of the beautiful Countess of B. What if some economical jeweller—I think I feel him at it—should take it into his head to split them, for setting in a ring? As for the Syren's knell, I would as lief have it, as long hereafter as may be, from the plain prosaic old sexton of St. Sepulchre's. I have no depraved yearning to be first wet-nursed to death, and then "lapped in Elysium," by Mermaids, the most cold, flabby, washy, fishy, draggletails ever invented to give any human fancy the ague—half-and-half monsters, neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring. A whole cargo of them, nay a glut of them, leaping alive, unfit for loving or eating, is not worth one loveable real woman at Billingsgate, or one of the eatable maids on her stall. I could never imagine the boldest and gallantest boatswain encountering such a sea-witch, on a lone beach—combing the shrimps out of her wet sandy mud-coloured hair, and wriggling her foolish tail about, curling, or stretching it, or trying to put it into her pocket, forgetting that she has no pockets, as a shy man in company does not know what to do with his hands—I could never fancy



THE BEST BOWER ANCHOR.



him looking on such a creature, however attached to the fair sex, without his recoiling till he tumbled over his own pigtail, singing out, with a slight variation of a line of Dibdin's,

“ Avert yon 'oman, gracious heaven ! ”

For other sea-temptations, I would not give my old white poney, that stumbles over every stone in his road, and some out of it, to ride like that Lord Godolphin Arion over the seas on the fairest fish that was ever foaled. Speaking under fear of death, I would rather, waiving all the romance, ride in a rill by a roadside on a stickle-back. On my solemn word, I would far liefer bestride even a pond-perch with his dorsal fin erect. But hark ! What means that dreadful cry ? Our death-bell is tolling in Dutch—
“ Del, del, is verlooren ! ”

I must scramble, crawl, haul myself, spite of my sprained ankles, up unto the deck how I may. Next best unto witnessing our own funeral is the seeing how we are done to death.

What a sight ! Here is the tiller tied hard a-port,

or hard a-lee, as hard as they can tie it. Further back is the Skipper himself, entangled dismally by some cord or other to the stern-rails; and yonder is his mate, with a hundred and fifty turns of rope round himself and the mizen-mast, which he seems trying to strengthen. The gunner, as I take him to be, with a preposterous superfluity of breeching, is made fast to look through a hole, which seems to have been meant for a window to a cannon; and the carpenter, well pinioned and tethered by a stout rope to the back-stay, is sheepishly dangling therefrom, whenever his side of the ship is uppermost, like unto the Lamb of the Order of the Golden Fleece. The cook, having given away both his hands, is spliced, as if for life, unto the capstan. Adam Vaart is double-turned and double-knotted to the main-mast, and Hendrick his brother is belayed down, on the broad of his back, in the place of the lost long-boat. Should the anchor be dropped, Jan Bart is sure, even from head to foot, to go along with it. Poor little Yacob Yops, the apprentice, hath been turned over, and re-bound unto a ring-bolt, by articles which are called rope-yarns; and lo,

up yonder, lashed by his legs to the rattlines, hangs Diedrick Dumm-Kopf, head downwards, like a split cod left there to dry, in the main shrouds !

Oh ! that I were bound myself round and round all the ribs, from the top to the bottom, with good six-twist, lest even thus, in articulo mortis, I burst, split my sides, and die with excess of laughter. The Skipper, honest Hans, with much difficulty, for he grievously mistrusts his breathing to the beating of the wave, opening his mouth when it comes, and sealing up his lips when it is gone, hath let me into the whole secret. Considering the wild sea, he saith, and that no man can tie himself, so surely as another man can, to some more steadfast substance, they had been all fastened, at their own special wish and agreement, to such hold-fasts as pleased them best, by Diedrick Dummkopf, who was afterwards to provide for his own safety as he judged surest, in order that he might liberate them again when the storm should be blown over. That accordingly, after first tying them all as securely as he was able, the said Diedrick betook himself to the main rigging, about half way

up, to which he lashed himself by the ankles, holding on likewise with his hands, and his great clasp-knife in his mouth. That the *Jung Vrow* driving before the wind and sea, they made shift, as they were, to navigate her pretty comfortably for some twenty minutes or thereby, when all of a sudden they saw *Diedrick*, being seized with a vertigo, let go his hold and drop into his present posture, from which he could never recover himself; and it was that dismal sight which had extorted the universal outcry that I heard.

I am sicker of the sea than ever! Is the safety of a Christian man's life, and soul maybe, of no more interest than to be gambled away by such a set of Dutch Bottoms with Asses' heads on their shoulders? Oh! that the worthy Chairman and all the Underwriters of Lloyd's were here present on this deck—the mere sight of the Skipper's countenance there, with not so much meaning in it as a smoked pig's face, for *that* means to be eaten, would scare them from all sea-risks for ever!

Thanks be to heaven! yonder's a sail. It makes

straight towards us—they come aboard. A Pilot?—well said! Oh, honest, good, dear Pilot, as you love a distressed poor countryman—as you understand the compass and how rudders are turned—if you know what a rope's end is,—take the biggest bit of a cable you can pick, and give yonder Dutch sea-calves a round dozen a piece! 'Twill cost you no great pains, seeing they are tied up ready to your hand. Pish! never mind their offence; they have mutinied against themselves. Smite and spare not. I will go ashore meanwhile, in your boat. Hollo there! help me down. Take heed to my footing. Catch me, all of you, in your arms. Now I am in. No, I an't! I an't! I an't!

If ye had not hauled me in again with that same boat-hook, I was drown'd. My shoulder bleeds for it, but I forgive. Never heed me: look to your helms and sails. 'Tis only a gallon or two of sea-water, just swallowed, that is indisposed to go on shore with me. I am used to it, indeed I am. Pray, what is the name of this blessed boat? The Lively Nancy. Lively indeed! The Jung Vrow was a quakeress to

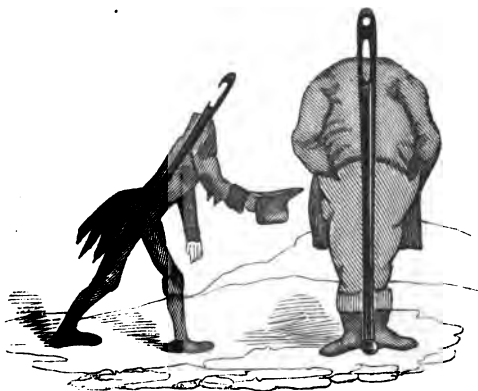
her! At every jump she takes, my heart leaps also. Pray, pray, pray take in some canvas. You think you be sailing, but you are committing suicide. They mind me no more than stones. Oh! oh! I am out of Danger's frying-pan into its fire! Peter Stuckey will be a murtherer after all!

What a set of dare-devils! They grin like baboons whilst she is driving with half her deck under water! I will shut mine eyes and hold fast by something. I am worse than ever. I give myself up, Oh! oh! what an awful roaring, hissing, grinding noise we are come into! The bottom of the sea is coming out, or else the bottom of the boat! Hah! Help! help! I am heels upward! Why did not some kindly soul forewarn me that she was going to stop short on the beach? Stand all aside, and let me leap upon the sand. Ah! I have made my nose spout gore in my over-haste to kiss my native land!

Blessed be dry ground! Farewell ocean! farewell Jung Vrouw and Lively Nancy! Take my advice, and get married both of you to young farmers. Farewell ye hang-dogs that saved me! Share my blessing



amongst you; 'tis all I have upon me or in me. Farewell Neptune! We'll part friends. If you ever come to Cropton-le-Moor, I shall be glad to see you, and not till then. Hans! Jan! Pieter! farewell one and all of you; "and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it." Now for a sweet, safe, still, silent land-bed! Set me but within a run and a jump of one, and in two clipped current minutes I will be fast asleep in it, even like the Irishman who forgot to say his prayers, but remembered to say amen.



"WHY DON'T YOU LOOK OUT FOR WORK?"

POETRY, PROSE, AND WORSE.

“Esaad Kiuprili solicited in verse permission to resign the government of Candia. The Grand Vizier, Hafiz Pasha, addressed a *Ghazel* to the Sultan to urge the necessity of greater activity in military preparations ; and Murad, himself a poet, answered likewise in rhyme. Ghazi Gherai clothed in *Ghazels* his official complaint to the Sultan's preceptor. The Grand Vizier, Mustafa Pasha Bahir, made his reports to the Sultan in verse.”—*Vide* VON HAMMER on *Othoman Literature in the Athenæum*, for Nov. 14, 1835.

O TURKEY ! how mild are thy manners,
 Whose greatest and highest of men
 Are all proud to be rhymers and scanners,
 And wield the poetical pen !

Thy Sultan rejects—he refuses—
 Gives orders to bowstring his man ;
 But he still will coquet with the Muses,
 And make it a song if he can.

The victim cut shorter for treason,
Though conscious himself of no crime,
Must submit and believe there is reason
Whose sentence is turned into rhyme !

He bows to the metrical firman,
As dulcet as song of the South,
And his head, like self-satisfied German,
Rolls off with its pipe in its mouth.

A tax would the Lord of the Crescent ?
He levies it still in a lay,
And is p'rhaps the sole Bard at this present
Whose Poems are certain to pay.

State edicts unpleasant to swallow
He soothes with the charms of the Muse,
And begs rays of his brother Apollo
To gild bitter pills for the Jews.

When Jealousy sets him in motion,
The fair one on whom he looks black
He sews up with a sonnet to Ocean,
And sends her to drown in her sack.

His gifts, they are poesies latent
With sequins roll'd up in a purse,
And in making Bashaws, by the patent
Their tails are all "done into verse."

He sprinkles with lilies and roses
The path of each politic plan,
And with eyes of Gazelles discomposes
The beards of the solemn Divan.

The Czar he defies in a sonnet,
And then a fit nag to endorse
With his Pegasus, jingling upon it,
Reviews all his Mussulman horse.

He sends a short verse, ere he slumbers,
Express unto Meer Ali Beg,
Who returns in poetical numbers
The thousands that die of the plague.

He writes to the Bey of a city
In tropes of heroical sound,
And is told in a pastoral ditty
The place is burnt down to the ground.

He sends a stern summons, but flow'ry,
To Melek Pasha, for some wrong,
Who describes the dark eyes of his Hourî,
And throws off his yoke with a song.

His Vizier presents him a trophy,
Still, Mars to Calliope weds—
With an amorous hymn to St. Sophy
A hundred of pickled Greek heads.

Each skull with a turban upon it
By Royal example is led :
Even Mesrour the Mute has a Sonnet
To Silence composed in his head.

E'en Hassan while plying his hammer
To punish short weight to the poor,
With a stanza attempts to enamour
The ear that he nails to a door.

O! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own,
Where the times are so muddy and murky,
We want a poetical tone !

Suppose that the Throne in addresses—

For verse there is plenty of scope—

In alluding to native distresses,

Just quoted the “Pleasures of Hope.”

Methinks 'twould enliven and chirp us,

So dreary and dull is the time,

Just to keep a State Poet on purpose

To put the King's speeches in rhyme.

When bringing new measures before us,

As bills for the sabbath or poor,

Let both Houses just chaunt them in chorus,

And p'rhaps they would get an encore.

No stanzas invite to pay taxes

In notes like the notes of the south,

But we're dunn'd by a fellow what axes

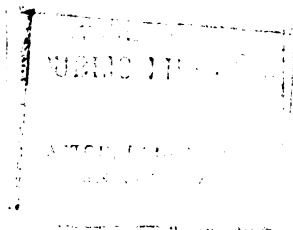
With prose and a pen in his mouth.

Suppose—as no payers are eager—

Hard times and a struggle to live—

That he sung at our doors like a beggar

For what one thought proper to give?





JOINING IN A CATCH.

Our Law is of all things the dryest
That earth in its compass can show !
Of poetical efforts its highest
The rhyming its Doe with its Roe.

No documents tender and silky
Are writ such as poets would pen,
When a beadle is sent after Wilkie *,
Or bailiffs to very shy men.

The warrants that put in distresses
When rates have been owing too long,
Should appear in poetical dresses,
Ere goods be sold off for a song.

Suppose that—Law making its choices
Of Bishop, Hawes, Rodwell, or Cooke—
They were all set as glees for four voices,
To sing all offenders to book?

Our criminal code's as untender,
All prose in its legal despatch,
And no constables seize an offender
While pleasantly singing a *catch*.

* Vide the advertisement of "The Parish Beadle after Wilkie," issued by Moon & Co.

They haul him along like a heifer,
And tell him "My covey, you'll swing!"
Not a hint that the wanton young zephyr
Will fan his shoe-soles with her wing.

The trial has nothing that's rosy
To soften the prisoner's pap,
And Judge Park appears dreadfully prosy
Whilst dooming to death in his cap.

Would culprits go into hysterics,
Their spirits more likely elope,
If the jury consulted in lyrics,
The judge made a line of the rope?

When men must be hung for a warning,
How sweet if the Law would incline
In the place of the "Eight in the Morning,"
To let them indulge in the Nine!

How pleasant if ask'd upon juries
By Muses, thus mild as the doves,
In the place of the Fates and the Furies
That call us from home and our loves!

Our warfare is deadly and horrid,
Its bald bulletins are in prose,
And with gore made revoltingly florid,
Not tinted with couleur de rose.

How pleasant in army despatches
In reading of red battle-plain,
To alight on some pastoral snatches,
To sweeten the blood and the brains!

How sweet to be drawn for the Locals
By songs setting valour a-gog!
Or be press'd to turn tar by sea-vocals
Inviting—with "Nothing like Grog!"

To tenants but shortish at present,
When Michaelmas comes with its day,
O! a landlord's effusion were pleasant
That talked of the flowers in May!

How sweet if the bill that rehearses
The debt we've incurr'd in the year,
But enrich'd, as a copy of verses,
The Gem, or a new Souvenir!

O! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own!
For the times are so moody and murky,
We want a poetical tone!



"VON HAMMER."



FANCY PORTRAIT, AUDUBON.

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1967

ODE TO PERRY,

THE INVENTOR OF THE PATENT PERRYAN PEN.

"In this good work, Penn appears the greatest, usefulest of God's instruments. Firm and unbending when the exigency requires it—soft and yielding when rigid inflexibility is not a desideratum,—fluent and flowing, at need, for eloquent rapidity—slow and retentive in cases of deliberation—never spluttering or by amplification going wide of the mark—never splitting, if it can be helped, with any one, but ready to wear itself out rather in their service—all things as it were with all men,—ready to embrace the hand of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan,—heavy with the German, light with the Italian, oblique with the English, upright with the Roman, backward in coming forward with the Hebrew,—in short, for flexibility, amiability, constitutional durability, general ability, and universal utility, it would be hard to find a parallel to the great Penn."

PERRY'S CHARACTERISTICS OF A SETTLER.

I.

O! PATENT, Pen-inventing Perrian Perry!

Friend of the Goose and Gander,

That now unpluck'd of their quill-feathers wander,

Cackling, and gabbling, dabbling, making merry,

About the happy Fen,

Untroubled for one penny-worth of pen,

For which they chaunt thy praise all Britain through

From Goose-Green unto Gander-Cleugh! —

II.

Friend to all Author-kind—
Whether of Poet or of Proser,—
Thou art composer unto the composer
Of Pens,—yea, patent vehicles for Mind
To carry it on jaunts, or more extensive
 Perrygrinations through the realms of Thought ;
Each plying from the Comic to the Pensive,
 An Omnibus of intellectual sort !

III.

Modern Improvements in their course we feel ;
And while to iron-railroads heavy wares,
Dry goods, and human bodies, pay their fares,
 Mind flies on steel,
To Penrith, Penrhyn, even to Penzance,
 Nay, penetrates, perchance,
To Pennsylvania, or, without rash vaunts,
 To where the Penguin haunts !

IV.

In times bygone, when each man cut his quill,
 With little Perryan skill,
What horrid, awkward, bungling tools of trade
Appeared the writing implements home-made !
What Pens were sliced, hew'd, hack'd, and haggled out,
Slit or unslit, with many a various snout,
Aquiline, Roman, crooked, square, and snubby,
 Stumpy and stubby ;
Some capable of ladye-billets neat,
Some only fit for Ledger-keeping Clerk,
And some to grub down Peter Stubbs his mark,
Or smudge through some illegible receipt ;
Others in florid caligraphic plans,
Equal to Ships, and wiggy Heads, and Swans !

V.

To try in any common inkstands, then,
With all their miscellaneous stocks,
 To find a decent pen,
Was like a dip into a lucky-box,

You drew,—and got one very curly,
And split like endive in some hurly-burly ;
The next, unslit, and square at end, a spade ;
The third, incipient pop-gun, not yet made ;
The fourth a broom ; the fifth of no avail,
Turn'd upwards, like a rabbit's tail ;
And last, not least, by way of a relief,
A stump that Master Richard, James, or John,
Had tried his candle-cookery upon,
Making " roast-beef ! "

VI.

Not so thy Perryan Pens !
True to their M's and N's,
They do not with a whizzing zig-zag split,
Straddle, turn up their noses, sulk, and spit,
Or drop large dots,
Huge fullstop blots,
Where even semicolons were unfit.
They will not frizzle up, or, broom-like, drudge
In sable sludge—

Nay, bought at proper "Patent Perryan" shops,
They write good grammar, sense, and mind their
stops ;
Compose both prose and verse, the sad or merry—
For when the Editor, whose pains compile
The grown-up Annual, or the Juvenile,
Vaunteth his articles, not women's, men's,
But lays ' by the most celebrated Pens,'
What means he but thy Patent Pens, my Perry ?

VII.

Pleasant they are to feel !
So firm ! so flexible ! composed of steel
So finely temper'd—fit for tenderest Miss
To give her passion breath,
Or Kings to sign the warrant stern of death—
But their supremest merit still is this,
Write with them all your days,
Tragedy, Comedy, all kinds of plays—
(No Dramatist should ever be without 'em)—
And, just conceive the bliss,—
There is so little of the goose about 'em,
One's safe from any hiss !

VIII.

Ah ! who can paint that first great awfu night,
Big with a blessing or a blight,
When the poor Dramatist, all fume and fret,
Fuss, fidget, fancy, fever, funking, fright,
Ferment, fault-fearing, faintness—more f's yet ;
Flush'd, frigid, flurried, flinching, fitful, flat,—
Add, famish'd, fuddled, and fatigued, to that ;
Funeral, fate-foreboding—sits in doubt,
Or rather doubt with hope, a wretched marriage,
To see his Play upon the stage come out ;
No stage to him ! it is Thalia's carriage,
And he is sitting on the spikes behind it,
Striving to look as if he didn't mind it !

IX.

Witness how Beazley vents upon his hat
His nervousness, meanwhile his fate is dealt :
He kneads, moulds, pummels it, and sits it flat,
Squeezes and twists it up, until the felt

That went a Beaver in, comes out a Rat!
Miss Mitford had mis-givings, and in fright,
 Upon Rienzi's night,
Gnaw'd up one long kid glove, and all her bag,
 Quite to a rag.
Knowles has confess'd he trembled as for life,
 Afraid of his own "Wife;"
Poole told me that he felt a monstrous pail
Of water backing him, all down his spine,—
"The ice-brook's temper"—pleasant to the chine!—
For fear that Simpson and his Co. should fail.
Did Lord Glengall not frame a mental pray'r,
Wishing devoutly he was Lord-knows-where?
Nay, did not Jerrold, in enormous drowth,
While doubtful of Nell Gwynne's eventful luck,
 Squeeze out and suck
More oranges with his one fevered mouth,
Than Nelly had to hawk from North to South?
Yea, Buckstone, changing colour like a mullet,
Refus'd, on an occasion, once, twice, thrice,
From his best friend, an ice,
Lest it should hiss in his own red-hot gullet

X.

Doth punning Peake not sit upon the points
Of his own jokes, and shake in all his joints,
During their trial?

'Tis past denial:

And does not Pocock, feeling, like a peacock,
All eyes upon him, turn to very meacock?
And does not Planché, tremulous and blank,
Meanwhile his personages tread the boards,
Seem goaded by sharp swords,
And call'd upon himself to "walk the plank?"
As for the Dances, Charles and George to boot,
What have they more
Of ease and rest, for sole of either foot,
Than bear that capers on a hotted floor?

XI.

Thus pending—does not Mathews, at sad shift
For voice, croak like a frog in waters fenny?—
Serle seem upon the surly seas adrift?—
And Kenny think he's going to Kilkenny?—

Haynes Bayly feel old ditto, with the note
Of Cotton in his ear, a mortal grapple

 About his arms, and Adam's apple,
Big as a fine Dutch codling in his throat?
Did Rodwell, on his Chimney-piece, desire
Or not to take a jump into the fire?
Did Wade feel as composed as music can?
And was not Bernard his own Nervous Man?
Lastly, don't Farley, a bewildered elf,
Quake at the Pantomime he loves to cater,
And ere its changes ring, transform himself?—

 A frightful mug of human delf?
A spirit-bottle—empty of “the cratur”?
 A leaden-platter ready for the shelf?
 A thunderstruck dumb-waiter?

XII.

 To clench the fact,
Myself, once guilty, of one small rash act,
 Committed at the Surrey
 Quite in a hurry,
 Felt all this flurry,

Corporal worry,
 And spiritual scurry,
 Dram-devil—attic curry!
 All going well,
 From prompter's bell,
 Until befel
 A hissing at some dull imperfect dunce—
 There's no denying,
 I felt in all four elements at once!
 My head was swimming, while my arms were flying,
 My legs for running—all the rest was frying!

XIII.

Thrice welcome, then, for this peculiar use
 Thy pens so innocent of goose!
 For this shall Dramatists, when they make merry,
 Discarding Port and Sherry,
 Drink—"Perry!"
 Perry, whose fame, pennated, is let loose
 To distant lands!
 Perry, admitted on all hands,
 Text, running, German, Roman,
 For Patent Perryans approach'd by no man!

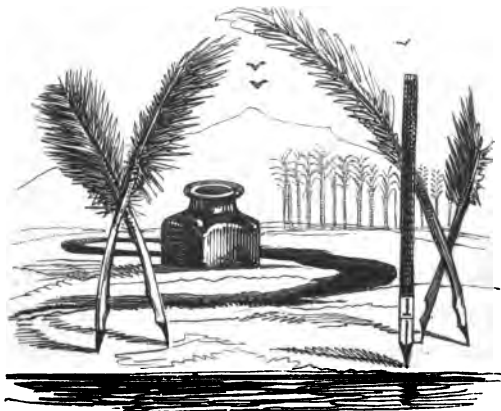


H188-TRIONICS.

THE
PUTNAM FOUNDATION

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

And when, ah me ! far distant be the hour !
Pluto shall call thee to his gloomy bow'r,
Many shall be thy pensive mourners, many !
And Penury itself shall club its penny,
To raise thy monument in lofty place ;
Higher than York's, or any son of War ;
Whilst Time all meaner effigies shall bury,
On due pentagonal base,
Shall stand the Parian, Perryan, perriwig'd Perry,
Perch'd on the proudest peak of Penman Mawr !



" PENNSYLVANIA."

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE CHECK-STRING.



"PIE-BALD."

THOSE who have travelled much, as inside passengers in a long stage-coach, whilst they admired the facility of starting off with one, must have occasionally remarked the difficulty of stopping with it, just at the point where it would be convenient to be set down. An ailing man may not have voice enough to lock all the four wheels at once; and should he be, as is probable, a

nervous man besides, he will not without some hesitation make up his mind to request of some stentorian neighbour the loan of a set of lungs. In a six-inside coach, the timid occupier of a middle seat has no chance whatever, unless to take advantage of the first casual halt, or an upset. Even in the four-inside vehicle, a weakly, shy traveller's case is equally hopeless, supposing the passengers on the roof to have properly tucked up the skirts of their great and little coats. To a bold, brassy fellow even, with a tongue like a trumpet, it is anything but an easy affair to say, woh ! with any effect to a Dart that is flying at twelve miles within the hour. The coachman who ought to hear, will not: the horses hear but do not understand: the coach cannot hear: the outsiders admire the pace too much, to hear anything but the patter of the hoofs. At last, when he has succeeded, the stout gentleman with the big voice, who wants to run home, finds generally that he has a good hundred yards or two allowed him of law, measured, as the Irish always mete it out, *backwards*.

It was after a more serious dilemma,—for a little nervous bashful man with a little squeaking voice like Punch's, though he was not so fond of exhibiting it, after suffering himself to be carried two miles beyond his house, had at last fractured the small bone of his leg, by opening the door in despair and jumping out,—that a discussion ensued in the Brighton “Age” as to the best means of being let out to order. Many different methods had been proposed before the little florid plump gentleman in black delivered his opinion, with his back to the horses.

“For my own part, ratiocinating on hackney-coaches, I should hypothetically propose check-strings.”

“Lord forbid!” exclaimed a voice from the other seat, on the same side. Nobody remembered to have heard that voice before from London to Crawley Common.

The friend to check-strings seemed thunderstruck by the explosion. He screwed himself round to take a look at his neighbour—didn't like him at all—turned back again—stole another look—liked him worse than

before—then looked for the third time, and hated him. His seat became uneasy—he had found a choke-pear, very like a hedgehog, and, very like a bull terrier, he could neither kill it nor let it alone. It clung to him like a burr which you pull off your hat that it may stick on your right-hand glove, thence to be transferred to the left-hand one, and so on alternately till you finally get rid of it on your pantaloons. The “Lord forbid,” like Macbeth’s “Amen,” stuck in his throat—it buzzed in his head like a fly in a horse’s ear. However, he held his uncomfortable peace till silence itself became insupportable. At last he broke out:

“Humph! Doubtful as I am whether common coach conversation ought to be tied by strict rules of logic, still I cannot suppress the remark, that when one gentleman syllogistically brings forward a proposition of check-strings, for another gentleman to cry ‘Lord forbid,’ does not appear to my mind to be following a regular line of argument. But perhaps the forbidding gentleman will have the goodness to explain the colloquial anomaly.”

The forbidding gentleman thus appealed to, good-humouredly apologised. It was a mere slip of the tongue, he said: the words escaped from him involuntarily; but his fellow-traveller would probably excuse him, in consideration of the fact, that on account of a check-string he had lost the only hope of affluence he ever had in his life.

“Indeed, Sir! why then I excuse the colloquial irregularity with all my heart,” said the warm man, putting both his hands into his pockets; “but, upon my life, Sir, it must have been a very extraordinary consequence.”

“A very simple one, Sir,” returned the other. “The facts are briefly these: my maternal uncle had lately returned from India with an immense fortune, a handsome portion of which was my own in expectance, on no worse authority than his own promise. He was a widower with an only daughter, with whom, and himself, I one evening found myself in the carriage, on our way to a dinner-party given by a nobleman, then intimately connected with East Indian affairs.

We were very late: and my uncle, the Nabob, who rode backward, was extremely fidgetty, insisting that we were going beyond our destination. Every other minute he was thrusting his head out of the front window to dispute with the coachman, who, in truth, was a little less sober, and more obstinate, than became him. And so we went onwards, till my uncle's temper, always irritable, was worked up almost to combustion. In such moods he was rather apt to give vent to serio-comic ebullitions; and my ill-fortune has gifted me with risible muscles of exquisite sensibility. I was in the very midst of an ill-smothered laugh, when my fair cousin, giving me a sudden push, and then clasping her hands, exclaimed that we were going past the house. I instantly jumped up and made for the check-string, but with no more effect than if I had pulled at anything else. Gracious Heaven! I had better have pulled the string of a shower-bath, full of scalding hot water, to pour itself on my devoted head! —By that one infernal pull, Sir, I pulled myself out of half a plum!"

“ A sad pull indeed, Sir ! ” said the florid plump man in black. “ But—humph—begging your pardon, Sir, I cannot really derive any such deduction from the premises.”

“ A moment’s patience, Sir,” continued the unfortunate coach-stopper. “ Lord forbid check-strings,—Lord forbid all strings whatever ! I was in despair, Sir. I could have sunk through the bottom of the carriage !—I believe I went down on my knees. I said everything I could think of—and begged fifty thousand pardons, but my uncle was obdurate. ‘ Pray don’t mention it,’ he said, in his most caustic tone,—‘ it has saved me fifty thousand pounds. It’s a very good practical joke, although it will not read quite so well in my will.’ ”

“ But surely, Sir,” objected the plump man, “ your uncle never acted on a conclusion, jumped to, as I may say, by such very imperfect inferences ? ”

“ You did not know my uncle, Sir,” answered the unfortunate kinsman, with a deep sigh. “ But you shall judge of his character from the clause itself.



A CHINESE PUZZLE.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Item, I give and bequeath to my jocose nephew, Arthur Carruthers Oliphant, *for pulling his uncle's pigtail*, the sum of one shilling, sterling.



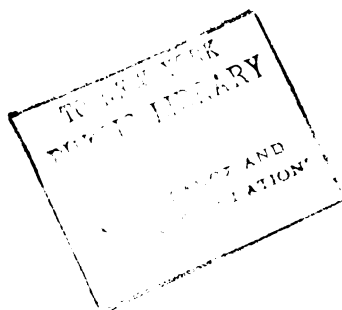
"A SPLIT WITH DUCROW."

THE SUDDEN DEATH.

THERE are several objections to one-horse vehicles. With two wheels they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labour of two. And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a coadjutor.

That was precisely Miss Norman's dilemma.

If a horse could be supposed to harbour so deadly a spite against his proprietor, I should believe that the one in question chose to vent his animosity by giving up the ghost just at the spot where it would cause most annoyance and inconvenience. For fourteen months past he had drawn the Lady in daily airings to a point just short of the Binn Gate;—because that fifty yards further would have cost sixpence; a sum which Miss Norman could, or believed she could, but ill spare out of a limited income. At this very place,





**" TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE
OF THEMSELVES."**

exactly opposite the tall elm which usually gave the signal for turning homeward, did Plantagenet prefer to drop down stone dead ; as if determined that his mistress should have to walk every inch of it, to her own house.

But Miss Norman never walked.

Pedestrianism was, in her opinion, a very vulgar exercise, unavoidable with the poor, and to some people, as Postmen, Bankers' clerks, Hawkers, and the like, a professional mode of progression, but a bodily exertion very derogatory to persons of birth and breeding. So far was this carried that she was once heard to declare, speaking of certain rather humble obsequies, "she would rather live for ever than have a walking funeral!" On another occasion, when the great performance of Captain Barclay, in walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, was submitted to her opinion, she said "it was a step she did not approve."

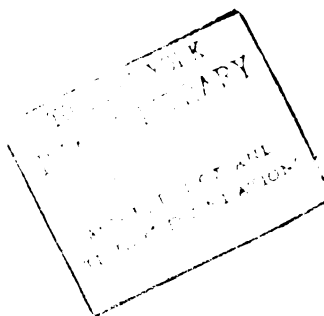
It might be surmised from such declarations, that she was incapable of personal locomotion, through some original infirmity, for instance, such as results from the rickets ; whereas, so far from allowing any deficiency on the part of her nurse or parents, in

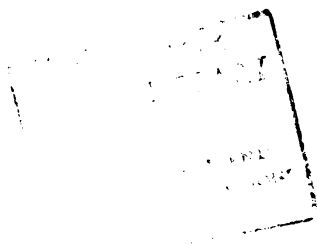
putting her to her feet, Miss Norman professed to have the perfect command of all her limbs, and would have felt extremely offended at a hint that she could not dance. It was quite another weakness than any bodily one which restricted her promenades, and made her feet almost as useless to her as those of the female Chinese. Pride was in fault ; and partly her surname, for suggesting to one of her ancestors that he was a descendant of William the First of England : a notion which, after turning his own head, had slightly crazed those of his successors who all believed, as part and parcel of their inheritance, on the strength of the "Norman" and some dubious old pedigree, that the Conqueror was their great Progenitor.

The hereditary arrogance engendered by this imaginary distinction, had successively displayed itself by outbreaks of different character, according to the temperament of the individual who happened to be head of the family : with Miss Norman, the last of *her* line, it took the form of a boast, that every branch and twig of her illustrious tree had always ridden "in their own carriage." I am not quite sure whether she did not push this pretension further back than the date of the



DESCENDED FROM THE CONQUEROR.







" I CANNOT WALK ABOUT WITH HIM ANY LONGER."

invention of "little houses on wheels" would warrant ; however it held good, in local tradition, for several generations, although the family vehicle had gradually dwindled down from an ample coach to a chariot, a fly, and, finally, the one-inside sedan-chair upon wheels, which the sudden death of Plantagenet left planted fifty yards short of the Binn Gate. To glance at the whole set-out, nobody would ever have attributed high birth and inherent gentility to its owner. 'Twas never of a piece. For once that the body was new-painted, the arms were thrice refreshed and touched up, till the dingy vehicle, by the glaring comparison, looked more ancient than the quarterings. The crest was much oftener renewed than the hammer-cloth ; and Humphrey, the coachman, evidently never got a new suit all at once. He had always old drab to bran-new bright sky-blue plush ; or *vice versâ*. Sometimes a hat in its first gloss got the better of its old tarnished band ; sometimes the fresh gold lace made the brown beaver look still more an antique. The same with the harness and the horse, which was sometimes a tall spanking brute, who seemed to have outgrown the concern ; at other times a short pony-

like animal, who had been put into the shafts by mistake. In short, the several articles seemed to belong the more especially to Miss Norman, because they belonged so little to each other. A few minutes made a great change in her possessions: instead of a living horse, hight Plantagenet, she was proprietor of certain hundred-weights of dogs'-meat.

It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig; and knowing something of the lady's character, I pulled up in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, who would stand as steady as a mute at



"WARRANTED QUIET, TO RIDE OR DRIVE."



"ONE MAY GO FARTHER AND FARE WORSE"—AS THE HORSE SAID.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION

death's door, I proceeded to assist the coachman in extricating his horse ; but the nag of royal line was stone-dead ; and I accompanied Humphrey to the carriage-door to make his report.

A recent American author has described as an essential attribute of high birth and breeding in England, a certain sort of quakerly composure, in all possible sudden emergencies, such as an alarm of the house on fire, or a man falling into a fit by one's side:—in fact, the same kind of self-command which Pope praises in a lady who is “mistress of herself, though China fall.” In this particular Miss Norman's conduct justified her pretensions. She was mistress of herself, though her horse fell. She did not start—exclaim—put her head out of the window, or even let down the front glass: she only adjusted herself more exactly in the middle of the seat, drew herself bolt upright, and fixed her eyes on the back of the coach-box. In this posture Humphrey found her.

“If you please, Ma'am, Planty-ginit be dead.” The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

“I've took off the collar, and the bitt out, and got un out o' harness entirely ; but he be as unanimate as

his own shoes ;” and the informant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication. But she never moved a muscle ; and honest Humphrey was just shutting the coach-door, to go and finish the laying-out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

“ Humphrey ! ”

“ What’s your pleasure, Ma’am ? ”

“ Remember, another time——”

“ Yes, Ma’am.”

“ When a horse of mine is deceased——”

“ Yes, Ma’am.”

“ Touch your hat.”

The abashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in arrear. Unblest by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from good example: he was a raw uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to educate ; but he was still so far from proficient, that in the importance of breaking the death to his mistress, he had omitted one of those minor tokens of respect which she always rigorously exacted.

It was now my own turn to come forward, and as deferentially as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins, I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she tacitly declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand.

"If you please, Ma'am," said Humphrey, taking care to touch his hat, and shutting his head into the carriage so that I might not overhear him, "he's a respectable kind of gentleman enough, and connected with some of the first houses."

"The gentleman's name?"

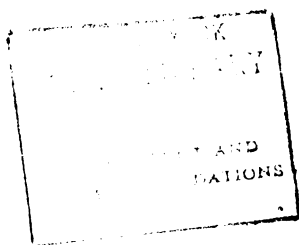
"To be sure, Ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name," answered Humphrey, fully aware of the peculiar prejudices of his mistress; "but it be Huggins."

"Shut the door."

It appeared, on explanation with the coachman, that he had mistaken me for a person in the employ of the opulent firm of Naylor and Co., whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the box-seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him; but determining to see the end of the affair, I affected to hope that the lady would change her mind; and accordingly I renewed, from time to

time, my offer of accommodation, which was always stiffly declined. After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W—— coach coming through the Binn Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver (the noted Jem Wade) pulled up—alighted—and standing at the carriage-door with his hat off, as if he knew his customer, made an offer of his services. But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waived him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the lady more rigid. “She never rode,” she condescended to say, “in *public* vehicles,” Jem entreated again; but “she was accustomed to be driven by her *own* coachman.” It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part. Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of her coach-box; which, on an unlucky assurance that “he would take as much care of her as of his own mother,” she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side-window, opposite to the coachman, so long as he remained in the presence.

“By your leave, Ma’am,” said Humphrey, putting





"JACK'S AS GOOD AS HIS MASTER."

his hand to his hat, and keeping it there, "Mr. Wade be a very civil-spoken careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There's Sir Vincent Ball on the box."

"If Sir Vincent Ball chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for *me*," retorted the lady, without turning her head; when, lo! Sir Vincent appeared himself, and politely endeavoured to persuade her out of her prejudices. It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinion against stage-coaches, by never getting into one; and "she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own." Sir Vincent bowed and retreated. So did Jem Wade, without bowing, fervently declaring "he would never do the civil thing to the old female sex again!"

The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop; and we were left once more to our own resources. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the obdurate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage-window, and Humphrey, hat in hand, opened the door.

"Procure me a post-chaise."

"A po-shay!" echoed Humphrey, but, like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—"Lord help ye, Ma'am, there bean't such a thing to be had ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there bean't coach, cart, nor dog-barrow, but what be gone to it!"

"No matter," said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation. "I revoke my order; for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer. And Humphrey——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Another time——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Remember once for all——"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I do not choose to be blest, or the Lord to help me."

Another pause in our proceedings, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been black-berrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage. Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look

without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Neither could she help hearing some such shocking ill-bred remarks as, "Vy don't the frizzle-vigged old Guy get into the gemman's drag?" Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She seemed to draw a sort of supplementary neck out of her bosom, and sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favouring the circle, like a mad bull at bay, with a most awful threatening look, accompanied ever by the same five words:

"I CHOOSE to be alone."

It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain; and in reply to each *congé*, only proved by a general grin how very much teeth are set off to advantage by purple mouths. I confess I took pity on the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal again with some warmth; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

"Fellow, you are insolent."

"*Quis Deus vult perdere*," thought I, and I determined to let her take her fate, merely staying to mark

the result. After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward, it appeared that the rigour of the condition, as to riding only in her own carriage, had been somewhat relaxed to meet the exigency of the case. A fresh tapping at the window summoned the obsequious Humphrey to receive orders.

“ Present my compliments at the Grove—and the loan of the chariot will be esteemed a favour.”

“ By your leave, Ma’am, if I may speak—”

“ You may *not*.”

Humphrey closed the door, but remained for a minute gazing on the pannel, at a blue arm, with a red carving-knife in its hand, defending a black and white rolling-pin. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenet, a second grinning through his collar, and two more preparing to play at horses with the reins. It seemed a strange mode enough that he took to secure the harness, by hanging it, collar and all, on his own back and shoulders; but by an aside to me, he explained the mystery, in a grumble.

“ It be no use in the world. I see the charrot set off for Lonnon. I shan’t go *complimenting* no Grove. I’s hang about a bit at the George, and *compliment* a pint o’ beer.”

Away he went, intending, no doubt, to be fully as good as his word ; and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I had almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels ; and up came a tax-cart, carrying four insides, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Bardell the pig-butcher, and his foreman Samuel Slark, or, as he was more commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They were both a trifle “ the worse for liquor,” if such a phrase might honestly be applied to men who were only a little more courageous, more generous, and civil and obliging to the fair sex, than their wont when perfectly sober. The Sticker, especially—in his most temperate moments a perfect sky-blue-bodied red-faced, bowing and smirking pattern of politeness to females, was now, under the influence of good ale, a very Sir Calidore, ready to comfort and succour distressed damsels, to fight for them, live or die for them, with as much of the chivalrous spirit as

remains in our times. They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

"Mayhap you warn't half purlite or pressing enough," observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. "It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gemman's gig. It wants warmth-like, and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's that is to say— afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs."

In a moment the speaker was at the carriage-door, stroking down his sleek forelocks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over. She would be perfectly safe, he told her, sitting up between him and master, and quite pleasant, for the pigs would keep themselves to themselves at the back of the cart, and as for the horse, he was nothing but a good one, equal to twelve mile an hour—with much more to the same purpose. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and

two butchers ; and she did not say it. She merely turned away her head from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. “ A taxed cart, Madam,” he said, “ mayn’t be exactly the vehicle, accustomed to, and so forth ; but thereby, considering respective ranks of lifes, why, the more honour done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful ; likewise in distancing the two hogs. Whereby, every thing considered, namely, necessity and so forth, I will make so bold as hope, Madam, excusing *more* pressing, and the like, and dropping ceremony for the time being, you will embrace us at once, as you shall be most heartily welcome to, and be considered, by your humbles, as a favour besides.”

The sudden drawing-up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell’s behaviour. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesman would have called “ an advantageous opening” for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence ; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of

the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and as junior counsel "followed on the same side." But he took nothing by the motion. The lady was invincible, or, as the discomfited pair mutually agreed, "as hard for to be *convinced into a cart*, as any thing on four legs." The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favoured me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. It was man's duty, he said, to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, purtecting females was his nature, and he should never lie easy agin, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be purtected with her own free will, she ought to be forced to, like any other 'live beast unsensible of its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up. They knowed Miss Norman, name and fame, and was both well-knowa respectable men in their lines, and I might

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ax about for their characters. Whereby, supposing I approved, they'd have her, right and tight, in their cart, afore she felt herself respectfully off her legs.

Such were the arguments and the plan of the bull-headed pair. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not, but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits! We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sate, in the cart, right and tight, between the two butchers, instead of the two Salvages, or Griffins, or whatever they were, her hereditary supporters. They were already on the move. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start,

and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into Waterford. Unfortunately her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, struggling in the bright blue, and somewhat greasy, arms of Sam the Sticker, screaming in concert with the two swine, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well, by sight, as "her own carriage!"



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